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Hola Killings: Where are the Good Britons?

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Adult Education

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Brecht in W. Germany

Comments on the Week's News .. 746
Where are the Good Britons? Paul Johnson 749
Going on Learning. Raymond Williams 750
London Diary. Critic 751
This England 752
The Gods at War. K. S. Karol .. 752
The Flight from Little Rock. Ray Moseley 754
Leave Me Alone. V. Anant 754

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Brecht in Western Germany. Maurice Kurtz 756
Look Back in Anger. William Whitebait 758
The New Bloomusalem. A. Alvarez.. 758
Pre-Naturalism. John Berger .. 759
Gramophone Records. David Drew.. 760
Pint into Quart Pot. Tom Driberg .. 760

CORRESPONDENCE

Ritchie Calder, Akber Naqvi, H. E. Richardson, J. B. Napier-Bell, T. S. L. Fox-Pitt, Henry Fairlie, John Brown, Patrick J. Gethin Jr 761

Books in General:
The Tyrant of Coppet. V. S. Pritchett 763
Mad World, Mad Kings, Mad Composition. Julian Mitchell 764
A Country. Peter Redgrove 764

REVIEWS

Strong Medicine. Michael Ramsbotham 764
West African Wanderings. Thomas Hodgkin 766
A Modest Proposal. K. W. Gransden.. 766
About Perret. Reyner Banham .. 767
That Remarkable Noise. Clancy Sigal 768
Pain Remembered. Michael Hamburger 768
New Novels. Maurice Richardson .. 769
Shorter Reviews 770
Week-end Competitions 770
City Lights. Taurus 771

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The Road to Watney's Beer

ANALYSING his defeat in the 1874 election, Mr Gladstone wrote: 'We were borne down in a torrent of gin and beer'. The great London brewers, hitherto vociferous supporters of progressive policies and free trade, had been outraged by the 1872 Licensing Bill, and turned with fury on the Liberals. 'Every publican became a Tory election agent, every saloon a Tory committee room.' Eighty years later, the pattern is much the same. No single business group has brought such consistently loyal support to orthodox Conservatism. And in return they have reaped a rich harvest of power and honour. The names of the great brewing families froth over the pages of Debrett. Their sons and daughters have married into ducal houses and broad acres, packed the Tory benches and sat in Tory Cabinets. The political influence they first learned to wield in 1874 has been out of all proportion to their economic power. They still exert it today: in the shade of their umbrageous family trees sit more than two score Tory members; and the political destinies of Mr Lennox-Boyd, for instance, rest on a mountain of Guinness 'empties'.

The secret of the brewers' success has been their sense of family unity. While their empires have expanded, soaking up the independent inns in their tens of thousands, control has been tightly confined to the hands of the hereditary few. Their finance has been orthodox, their behaviour circumspect. They have thus much in common with the great, conservative City dynasties, for whom the making of money has acquired dignity, respectability and manners. As such, they have adapted themselves comfortably to the changes of the post-war years. Indeed, Labour's policy of dividend restraint actually cushioned their position: it kept the shareholder at bay, allowed them to undervalue their assets, and continue, without undue effort, to rule a world where hard cash was not necessarily the first consideration. This was the position on Monday afternoon, when Mr Combe, the Old Etonian chairman of Watneys, having left his office at the gentlemanly hour of 4.50 p.m., prepared for a tranquil stroll through his country estate.

He should have been warned. Within the last few years, financial powers have grown up in Britain who believe that strawberry leaves and bank balances do not mix. They recognise vulnerable prey in the plump assets of the family empires, and they find willing allies in the hungry and despised shareholders. A few months ago they pounced on the startled directors of British Aluminium, flick-knives flashing, and in the subsequent affray the blood of many cosy City reputations spattered the stones of Threadneedle Street. Now the brewers are being lined up for the block.

We thus stand on the threshold of a series of desperate and noisy gang-wars, and the Twelfth is likely to pass unregarded this summer. The rage of the government can well be imagined. On the eve of an election, there had been a gentleman's agreement that no dirty linen should be washed in public, and that at all costs the voters should not be reminded that capitalism is red in tooth and claw. But Mr Clore has no time for gentlemen's agreements. He is not interested in 'respectability'. He does not care a damn for Mr Macmillan. He simply thinks that a businessman's chief object is to make money: when he sees an opening he goes in, chequebooks flailing. If the brewers agree to come quietly, so much the better. Otherwise, somebody is going to get hurt.

If Labour plays its cards shrewdly, 'The Road to Watney's Beer' can prove far more damaging to the Tories than Mr Hunter's stale jottings to the Opposition. Conservatives can maintain a stiff upper lip of unity in the Commons: but they cannot, it seems, preserve party harmony in their capitalist wing. Here is the Tory equivalent of the Bevanite split—and at a time when sights are being zeroed for polling-day. The issues are, in their way, just as important as nationalisation. How, where and at what price beer is drunk—let alone its quality—affects many millions very closely indeed. It is up to Labour to remind the voters that these matters are now being settled, above their heads, in a vulgar brawl between two business gangs, which both epitomise the principle of power without responsibility.

Comments on the Week's News

According to Plan

The Foreign Ministers' conference has reached the end of its preliminary exchanges and is now getting down to business. Ironically enough, what amounts to the first private session is taking place in Mr Herter's airplane, on which Mr Gromyko has accepted a lift back from Mr Dulles's funeral. But apart from the privacy of the journey, which has provided an adventitious opportunity for the Big Four to achieve seclusion without loss of face on anybody's part, the more important decision is that there should be at least one—and so one supposes more—formal private sessions in Geneva. Till last Tuesday both sides had showed considerable reluctance to take the initiative in plunging into the intimacies of private session; the West (especially the French) because such an initiative might be held to contain the hint of concessions over the 'package', the Russians because of the embarrassment to them of seeming anxious to negotiate about Germany in the absence of the German delegations. Characteristically, the decision was finally taken at a meeting between Selwyn Lloyd and Gromyko: these two have been amiably eating a great deal of shared salt in an effort to clear procedural difficulties and get down to serious business. That phase is now over: it remains to be seen whether business talked will amount to business done. So far one can say only that the conference is going according to plan.

Setback for Faubus

The tide is beginning to turn against Governor Faubus and the extreme segregationists in Little Rock. For the first time since the trouble started in the city the moderates have won an election victory. On 5 May, at a meeting of the local school board, the supporters of Faubus proposed to dismiss 44 teachers and administrators who were suspected of 'moderate' views on integration. Three members of the board thereupon walked out in protest, and in a matter of a few days an informal committee had collected over 10,000 signatures calling for a special school board election on this issue. In the election on Tuesday, the moderates won by fairly narrow majorities in an extremely high poll. There is no doubt that a substantial number of Little Rock citizens are becoming tired of the wrangling, the intrigues and the discredit which this affair is bringing on their school system. The parents of children affected by the closure of the schools directly involved in the dispute have been in the forefront of the campaign for a more sensible policy, because they have found that the substitute education offered is penalising their sons and daughters, especially those who cannot acquire the credits necessary for entry to schools and colleges elsewhere. This is additional evidence that school segregation may eventually come to an end in the South because the white community will not indefinitely pay the price of its white principles.

Stuck in the Old Groove

The contradiction between the stability of the pound abroad and the maintenance of stable full employment in a free-market economy at home was the main source of Britain's sufferings and decline in the inter-war period. Last week Sir Roy Harrod called for a vigorous cheap-money policy to raise the level of our investment and make full use of the vast economic potential which is now lying idle. At the same time he looked forward to an early de-control of capital exports. The editor of the *Investors Chronicle* has now replied with a highly effective broadside. He has carried Harrod's own argument to the point where it annihilates his conclusions: the constant upward drift of prices has undermined the gilt-edged market. If the government wanted cheap money—and Harrod's arguments on this score are cogent—it would have to overcome the investors' distrust by the wholesale creation of money. This would be a feasible proposition if the control still existed which Sir Roy Harrod worked so hard to abolish during the lifetime of the Labour government. The fact is that Britain is once again in the old groove, swinging between full reserves and full employment. Hardly less ironical is the Russian attitude to foreign trade as revealed in the Eccles talks. Here are the Russians, sitting on the world's second largest gold reserve, and haggling down to the last decimal point for credit from this country—which is far poorer in terms of liquid cash. The situation is ludicrous. With their complete governmental control over foreign trade, their gold reserve is worthless except for purchasing goods. Yet now they are offering to export just the things which they urgently need at home and which, in any case, they cannot produce very cheaply—raw materials and grains. British ministers can afford to smile. A few months before the election they have effectively trumped Mr Harold Wilson's proposals for increased trade with Russia. What actually comes of it will not be apparent until after the election.

Banning the Uganda Nationalists

Justification for the banning of the Uganda National Movement by the Protectorate government must lie in its desire to break up a boycott that has been bringing Asian retail trade to a standstill. Since the government took its first steps to break the boycott in April, by banning UNM meetings of over 250 people, there have been a growing number of threats to burn down bars selling European beer, and continued picketing of shops. The arrest of UNM leaders and a large number of court actions for intimidation have not been able to reduce the effectiveness of the boycott or to prevent a serious internal economic recession and the flight of Asian capital to Kenya and other territories. But the Protectorate government's ban is by no means certain to end the boycott and cannot help as a long-term solution to Uganda's problems. Despite its mass following the UNM never had a policy. It was based on African hatred of the Asian shopkeeper. Unlike African nationalists in neighbouring territories, the UNM did not want increased African representation or the democratisation of the legislature, but its total abolition. This is why the movement was confined to Buganda and was opposed in all other parts of the country. It also explains why the Kabaka's ministers, with the pretty certain backing of the Kabaka himself, supported it. The movement was inspired by Buganda traditionalists, but it was joined by two ex-democratic politicians, Mr E. M. K. Mulira and Mr Ignatius Musazi, who fell in with the traditionalists' hope of getting Legco abolished and a national assembly started in its place. The plan was to get the assembly appointed by local governments sitting as electoral colleges and to give it much less power than the present legislature. As the Kabaka's government was the strongest in the whole of Uganda, this would mean that it would largely control elections to the assembly. The Uganda National Congress and the Democratic Party have been ineffective in their opposition to this policy in Buganda itself, but outside Buganda these parties, which swept the Uganda elections last autumn, have been the rallying point of resistance to the movement.

NEXT WEEK

Why the French Can't Win

An illustrated feature on the FLN Army

Lord Reith's Last Word

Reflections on the annual report of the Colonial Development Corporation

by Rt Hon. Harold Wilson MP

A Bad Barbican

Five thousand people live in the City of London: 350,000 work there. Barbican runs east to west across a war-devastated area of 55 acres. Last year a joint City-LCC scheme for the commercial development of the southern part of the area was published, and now the City Corporation are considering proposals for creating a residential neighbourhood astride Barbican. The scheme must be examined as a whole, however, to understand its full implications. The new offices will draw nearly 20,000 more commuters to the City each day. New flats, maisonettes and a few houses will accommodate 5,000 upper-income-bracket tenants. (A one-room flat will rent at £4 a week, a five-room flat at £11.) Other features are an art centre, swimming pool, squash, badminton and bowls facilities, a hostel, library, hotel, a few public buildings and two schools. As an exercise in civic design the complete scheme has great technical merit. As a piece of social and economic planning it is deplorable. First, it is lunacy to add to the appalling congestion in central London by building more offices for more commuters demanding more trains, tubes and buses and generating greater pressure for growth at London's fringes. Secondly, it is as wrong to build a small single-class neighbourhood in the City as it is to build a much larger single-class neighbourhood in Stepney-Poplar. It is even worse that while the former will be lavishly equipped with social, cultural and recreational facilities, the latter has little such equipment other than a few tiny asphalt playgrounds. A better answer for Barbican would have been mixed residential development over the entire area—mixed in terms of types and sizes of houses and flats, and mixed in terms of income and social groups to be accommodated. A policy of limiting, much less reducing, employment in the City and promoting genuinely mixed residential development instead, is asking a great deal of the City Corporation, dedicated as it is to the enlargement of its own grandeur and the maintenance of its anachronistic privileges. But the London County Council is the planning authority. It should reject the City's scheme and insist on the 'genuine residential neighbourhood' which the Minister of Housing asked for in 1956.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Peking

Across the Himalayas

A Student of the Chinese press writes: The Dalai Lama's statement at Tezpur (18 April) was the first unanswerable evidence of his criticism of Chinese policy in Tibet. The *Jen-min Jih-pao* editorially (and imaginatively) described its timing as calculated 'to attack Premier Chou En-Lai's report' to the National People's Congress then in session and 'to set going another tide of slander against new China'. From then onwards the new ogre of 'Indian expansionists' appeared in China's gallery of foreign monsters.

'The Indian expansionists,' seven Tibetan students in Peking University wrote in the *Kuang-min Jih-pao,* 'have long cast covetous eyes on our Tibet, like crouching tigers. . . . The Chinese people know these servants of the imperialists well; they have inherited the interventionist ambitions of the American and British imperialists.' Speeches by Tibetans and the final resolution of the National People's Congress were followed by a stream of abuse. The *Ta-kung pao* had a banner headline: 'Whoever intervenes in China's internal affairs is lifting a rock only to drop it on his own toes'. 'By what right do they intervene in Chinese internal affairs?' the same paper asked.

The *Ta-kung pao* published a great many letters from its readers, of which the following from five people in the Peking Public Service Administrative Bureau is typical: 'We want to ask the Indian expansionists what is their criterion for civilisation. Is it the darkest and most reactionary serfdom that is a thousand years behind history, and the crimes of arson, plunder, murder and rape, ripping out peoples' hearts and eyes and skinning children? The expansionists have gravely poisoned the centuries-old friendship among the Chinese and Indian people'. The *Jen-min Jih-pao* published many letters from Buddhists. 'The Indian expansionists,' one said, 'cry for interference in our domestic affairs and provoke insults to our leaders. Although we Buddhists advocate patience and restraint, we have to wield the Buddhist wand to conquer the devil that has gone too far. It is easier to move the Himalayas than to split Tibet from China'.

A popular theme, in articles and letters, was the comparison between Indian policy and that of earlier imperialists. Two students from the College of International Relations wrote to the *Kuang-ming Jih-pao*: 'The so-called Tibetan independence was the pretext also produced by the British imperialists when they invaded China's Tibet. The fact that Indian expansionists have picked this up indicates they are taking over the notorious legacy left by the British'.

Prime Minister Nehru was rarely mentioned personally. After his speech in the Lok Sabha on 27 April, the *People's Daily* published a 10,000-word article, 'The Revolution in Tibet and Nehru's Philosophy'. More in sorrow than in anger, the 'editorial department' challenged Nehru's conception of Tibetan society, expressed distress that 'the respected Prime Minister of our friendly neighbour, India, has involuntarily been pushed into an important role in the so-called sympathy-with-Tibet movement' engineered by 'the US State Department, British colonialists . . . Chiang Kai-shek and India's reactionary parties, the Praja Socialist Party and the Jan Sangh Party'.

One remark in this article has provided food for disagreeable reflections about India. Nehru had described Indian reaction as 'essentially not political but instinctive . . . also a feeling of kinship derived from long-established religious and cultural contacts with the Tibetan people'. The Chinese authors asked how such feelings could be used as 'a pretext for interference in China's internal affairs'. Such logic was 'fraught with obvious dangers, because if such logic can stand, then when Tibet has taken the road of democracy and Socialism . . . could not a "people's committee to support Assam" and a "committee for Uttar Pradesh affairs" be set up to interfere in the affairs of India's state of Assam or Uttar Pradesh under the pretext of ancient religious and cultural links'? Still the objective of the *People's Daily* article was clearly to repair some of the damage which Sino-Indian relations had suffered. The Indian Communist paper, *The New Age*, later published a resolution on Tibet involving a modification of policy, which was thought to be the result of a visit to Moscow by Mr Dange, the Indian Communist leader. The Indian Communist press now adopts the slogan 'Strengthen Sino-Indian friendship', whilst the Chinese press now paints a shining white picture of a new Communist Tibet.

. . Like patience on a monument . . .

World Refugee Year will be launched next Monday.

Fleet Street

The Universal Arbiter

It is odd to think that, if things go as they look like going, an elderly accountant of austere character and practically no small talk will shortly be controlling the raw material of a large part of the conversations of more than 26 million women. Or at any rate women readers. This is not quite the same thing of course: one woman may easily turn up as a woman reader several times over. Even so, it is an awful lot of women.

Mr A. C. Duncan, chairman of Odhams Press, is as unlike the press barons of an earlier age as it is possible to imagine. Yet he is on the eve of controlling a greater newspaper and magazine empire than any of them, save only the great instigator of popular journalism himself – Northcliffe. He is at once the symbol and the prime inheritor of the managerial revolution in Fleet Street and allied territories – the anonymous man whose face is known to hardly anyone outside his own office and whose name jangles no bell in the breast of any of his millions of readers. Mr Duncan represents the triumph of the commercial outlook in journalism. Other men have controlled newspapers for power or prestige: Mr Duncan, one suspects, thinks both of small importance compared with a cheerful balance sheet. If – one might almost say when – the Newnes deal goes through, Odhams, which only a short time ago added the Hulton Press to its already well-stocked literary larder, will control the biggest concentration of high-circulation magazine interests to be under one direction in the whole history of the press. Amalgamated Press probably owns more actual periodicals, if anyone could steel himself to the somewhat depressing task of counting them all. But it has nothing to compare with the really big money spinners of the Odhams group. This is especially so in the richest, plushiest world of all – the world of the popular women's magazines. And when Mr Duncan feeds the Newnes periodicals into his computing machine along with those he already controls, he will possess a dominance over this market which would be even more frightening than it is if in fact he had, like some of his late great predecessors, an ambition to influence minds and not just tote up the pennies.

Woman, the biggest seller in the Odhams magazine group now has a weekly net sale at 5d. a copy of just on 3,160,000, and claims with strong supporting evidence that it is read every week by at least eight million women, of whom a majority are housewives. It commands an advertising revenue greater than any daily newspaper, with the single exception of the *Daily Express*. Moreover control of Newnes, if and when it comes, will also give Odhams the second leader among the women's popular weeklies, *Woman's Own*, with a net circulation of close on 2,460,000, an estimated readership of nearly 7,330,000 and a graph of advertising revenues which has risen so steeply that it looks like a fever chart. Add to these two *Woman's Realm*, now third in the women's popularity race with a net circulation of over 1,252,000 and an estimated readership of over 3,140,000, and you can see where this puts Mr Duncan among the girls. And to complete the team there is Newnes' second string in this market, *Woman's Day*, which, although a little coy in such company about its actual net sales figures, has an estimated readership of around 2,200,000. It comes seventh in the women's popularity race, with the *Woman's Sunday Mirror* and two of the Amalgamated Press offerings ahead of it. There is also an imposing list of lively and profitable women's monthlies in the Odhams-Hulton Press-Newnes hold-all to add further to Mr Duncan's satisfactory feeling that he has what modern women want.

We are now moving, therefore, to a monopoly position in the mass-circulation periodical press, which raises a number of serious social questions. Mr Duncan's intentions are, of course, of the purest. He is a commercial publisher. But whether he wills it or not he and those who work for him must have some influence on social values and standards. And although Mr Duncan is no doubt an excellent accountant, as a universal arbiter of taste he causes me a quiver or two – even although it is, I know, all done for the best commercial reasons.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Chelsea

The New Look

And now the all-electric garden. A prototype sponsored by *The Times* and equipped by the Central Electricity Authority is on view at the Chelsea Flower Show this week. Top People of to-morrow, it seems, will do their gardening in front of a control panel. Is the herbaceous border dry? Press a button and a dial will tell them – well, it will tell them if, at a specific point of the border, the surface tension indicates wetness or dryness – subject to a number of rather important variables. Throw a switch, press another button, and sprinklers begin to function. How hot is the hothouse? The panel lets them know. A little more heat, or a little more ventilation, it can all be arranged from a well-upholstered armchair, while the gardener cuts the grass with a radio-controlled lawn-mower.

But the flower-lover must be firm about all the gadgets, on show at Chelsea, so numerous, so ingenious and so distracting. It is inside the big marquee that all the latest and the best, all the pure gold of floriculture, is to be found. And this year the gold has an extra glitter. The influence of the *Floralies Internationales* is immediately apparent. There are trees; not large, because the roof does not allow, but enough to break the horizontal line and the seried rows of tent-poles. A number of exhibitors have thrown overboard the old conventions of staging and achieved displays which are striking and imaginative in themselves, apart from the merits of the material used. The foreign contingent, as might be expected, leads the break-away. Both the Belgian Horticultural Co-operative and the Dutch Flowergrowers Association have produced charming miniature gardens, where Cattleyas and Odontoglossoms, roses and carnations, lillies and lilac, are set off against pergolas, stone paths and trellis-work. Kew Gardens have built a rock-bound pool on the worn turf and tarmac of the Royal Hospital grounds and surrounded it with a superb collection of tropical vegetation, including a banana tree in full flower. Mr Rockford, of Turnford Hall Nurseries, exhibits a profusion of exotic stove and cold-house plants, philodendrons, aechmeas, aphelandras, growing in what passes very creditably as their natural surroundings. Included among them is the hedera – ivy to the uninitiated – that took the first prize in its group in Paris, *Helix Saggitæfolia*. Russells of Windlesham have made a garden that attracts the eye from afar by its contours and the variety of colour: closer inspection reveals that it contains nothing but fuschias. Suttons and Carters have both achieved a considerable degree of informality, and this must really have taxed the ingenuity of the designers, since the business of seed houses demands that a very comprehensive and varied range of end-products shall be on display.

For those whose interests are gastronomic there is, in addition to the usual geometric arrangements of outsize vegetables, a small stand, staged by the Waterperry Horticultural School, exhibiting nothing but giant strawberries – an improved strain of Royal Sovereign – offering themselves tantalisingly, for picking. And well worth a visit are the Flower Arrangements, housed in a separate tent at the Embankment end of the grounds. Here again the new look is in evidence. The staging of the exhibits, each in its separate pillared niche, is extremely effective; and the exhibits themselves seem much more original than hitherto; considerable use is made of drapes and figurines, which was not always so. Thankful not to have had to judge between the entries, one leaves with the conviction that in the sphere of small arrangements, the Englishwoman stands supreme. But one can be equally proud of the whole Show. Chelsea is a little different this year. It has gained some freedom of expression without the loss of any of its characteristic qualities. For the real enthusiast, it is still the best flower show in the world.

R. L. C. FOOTTIT

NEW STATESMAN INDEX
An index to Vol. LVI (July-December 1958) is now available, price 2s. 6d. post free, from *New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1*

Geneva

Sophisticated Death

A *Correspondent writes:* The World Health Organisation, meeting at its 12th annual assembly, can report good progress. Its world-wide malaria eradication campaign, launched three years ago, has now solved its technical problems. The main technique is 'residual spraying' for keeping down anopheline mosquitoes. It is based on the fact that a mosquito, after sucking the blood of a sleeping person, remains on the wall beside his bed long enough to receive a lethal dose of insecticide sprayed there anything up to a year before. Traditional tactics of attacking the larvæ where they breed require far more time and staff, and in under-populated areas the *per capita* cost is prohibitive. Residual spraying, however, is still far from cheap, and the outlay has to be repeated year after year. The obvious answer is to make a concerted effort to break the cycle of transmission. To do this it is not necessary to exterminate all the anophelines, or even all the infected ones, but only to reduce their numbers to such a point where each sufferer from malaria infects, on average, only one other. The disease must then die out and the mosquitoes may safely be allowed to multiply again. How far the mosquito population must be reduced to bring the reproduction rate below one depends on the appetite of the species. The African *Anopheles gambiæ* is particularly voracious, but elsewhere a very small reduction can tip the balance. The problem is of some urgency, because of growing mosquito immunity to insecticides. Moreover, the scheme is running into financial trouble. The Assembly, therefore, is to boost its funds. It will also consider a similar scheme, put forward by Russia, for a world-wide campaign to eradicate smallpox.

Malaria and smallpox – such age-old evils still provide WHO with the bulk of its work. But the organisation is now entering a new phase. A decade ago, its task was to supervise concerted mass application of modern techniques in the underdeveloped areas. But today, with malaria, tuberculosis, syphilis, yaws, smallpox, rabies and leprosy everywhere on the decline, or even on the way out, the yet-unsolved problems of the privileged nations are becoming the problems of all mankind. For if WHO is to realise its constitutional ideal – 'the attainment by all peoples of the highest possible level of health' – it must begin to play its part in adding to our knowledge in such 'privileged' fields as malignant tumours, cardiac diseases and mental disorders. Hence the accent this Assembly is on medical research. Last year, the US Health Department offered WHO $300,000 for 'a special study . . . to determine how it may most effectively perform its role in medical research' – and hinted that the US would back any worth-while scheme. The study has been made, and the Director-General has now presented the Assembly with a vast and comprehensive programme of research which WHO will sponsor. The scheme will go through, despite some grumbling from countries which still have to cope with basic problems, for the realisation is growing that everyone will have to face the medical challenge of prosperity.

Where are the Good Britons?

In his introduction to the record of the Belsen trial, Lord Jowitt concluded:

> I myself find it quite impossible to believe that these events were not widely known throughout the German Reich; and it is to the eternal disgrace of the German people that they should have been, as they must have been, tolerated.

There were very few of us at the time who did not endorse Jowitt's verdict. The death camps were too large, too visible, the people who entered them too numerous, to be ignored. Yes: we admitted that there were Good Germans. But their protests were too silent, ineffectual and few in number to remove the stain of collective guilt. In our hearts we condemned the entire German nation; and, in our horror at what they did, we justified to ourselves our ferocious and indiscriminate bombing of German cities.

But in the light of what has happened since, our attitude is perhaps in need of some revision. The events in the camps, after all, took place against the background of total war, in which the German nation, confronted with the doctrine of unconditional surrender, was fighting for its survival. The censorship was absolute: not one word about the camps ever appeared in the Nazi press. There were no inquests, reported verbatim, no coroners' verdicts, no constitutional means of eliciting information from ministers, no debates in the Reichstag. No public or written protest was possible, and even private criticism could invoke the sanction of the secret police. For the Germans, there was no middle ground between acquiescence and conspiracy.

When we take these factors into account, the attitude of ordinary German citizens becomes explicable, if not justifiable. Their tolerance of the camps falls back into the normal pattern of behaviour of an imperfect mankind. I find it much less easy to understand what has been happening since the war: the systematic connivance at similar crimes, in peacetime, by two free and democratic nations, who pride themselves on their attachment to personal liberties and the rule of law. The character, if not the scale, of the crimes is strictly comparable; the excuses for acquiescence are not. No Frenchman, for instance, can possibly claim that he is unaware that his government maintains large-scale concentration camps in Algeria. The fact is admitted in a recent official report, which places the number of their inmates – men, women and children – in the region of one million, and concedes the existence of general malnutrition and a high infant mortality rate – characteristic features of the German camps. The report has been published, *in extenso*, in all the newspapers.

Equally, no Frenchman can deny that he is aware that torture is regularly practised by the French army. Such has been conceded by an official commission of inquiry which reported last year. Innumerable personal testimonies about the use of torture have been published in France. These include Henri Alleg's book, *La Question*, which sold more than 100,000 copies; a compilation issued by the League of the Rights of Man, which listed, as I recall, over 400 cases; and, most recently, a statement signed by a group of French army chaplains. Public inquests have taken judicial cognisance of torture. The methods employed have been described in great detail by witnesses and victims – including one woman who had the unenviable distinction of suffering under both the Gestapo and the French paratroops, and testified to the similarity of their techniques. Children and pregnant women have been tortured. The location of many of the torture chambers is known; so are the identities of some of the torturers. But it is not recorded that a single one of them has been punished. There has been no widespread public protest. Newspapers which have condemned these practices have been seized or suppressed amidst general apathy. French politicians tell me that it is not practical politics to take the issue of torture to the electorate. There are, it seems, very few Good Frenchmen.

We in Britain have not been slow to condemn French atrocities, as we condemned German. But we must now learn to live with the fact of Hola. The existence of British concentration camps in Kenya has been public knowledge for some years; and official spokesmen have gone on record as stating that their inmates must expect to remain there for many years, perhaps for life. In many instances, relatives of victims have written to Labour MPs complaining of atrocities in these camps. But even suspicious-minded MPs have not believed some of these letters; while the government, after 'exhaustive inquiries' has usually issued indignant denials.

The importance of Hola is that it establishes publicly, and within the framework of a judicial verdict, the fact that prisoners are beaten to death in British concentration camps. None of us can maintain any longer either that we do not know of this or that it is not true. We also know – and this is more important – that what happened at Hola is a foreseeable consequence of deliberate government policy. The events at Hola, as the inquest showed, were not accidental. They flowed logically from a carefully-prepared attempt to put into action a plan, to force prisoners to work, drawn up by Cowan, the Senior Superintendent of Prisons in Kenya. The use of large numbers of warders, armed with batons, was indispensible to its operation. Cowan, we are told, had 'considerable experience' of this technique, which he had successfully operated at other camps. Hola was a 'lax' camp, somewhat backward in getting its prisoners to work. Following discussion with Cowan, Sullivan, its superintendent, was ordered

'Get back home, nigger.'

to operate the plan on 2 March. The previous month, parliament had rejected an opposition motion for an inquiry into the camps, following explicit government assurances that, after the closest inquiries, they were satisfied with the conduct of the camps. Unless they were lying, Lennox-Boyd and his parliamentary hatchet-man, Amery, thus knew all about the Cowan plan, and of the intention to enforce it in Hola. On their own admission, then, they are, like the Kenya government, accessories before the fact.

It may be argued that the element of force envisaged in government policy was slight. But again, consider the facts. Sullivan personally supervised the beatings on the work site, carried out on his confessed instructions. Shortly after he left the work-site, some of the beaten men were seen by Mr Peters, an independent witness in charge of the excavations. 'I met,' he said, 'a ragged column of detainees. They were coming back in twos and threes. A number were being supported and carried. . . .' They were like 'a lot of people who have just come out of action, a lot of wounded and so on'. At almost precisely the same time, Sullivan, the man immediately responsible for this pathetic column, was saying he was satisfied with the morning's work: everything had gone according to plan. It was only a little later when his deputy, Coutts, informed him that some of the prisoners had actually died, that he began to worry. One body might not matter much: 11 were too many even for the Kenya government to conceal.

Nevertheless, an attempt was made. Campbell, the Assistant Commissioner of Prisons, was dispatched to the camp. His testimony makes it clear that he made no effort to investigate the cause of death: his mission served purely to arrange the cover-up. When he returned to Nairobi the story about contaminated water was concocted; it was presented to the governor, who endorsed it, and issued it to the press. The Kenya government thus becomes an accessory after, as well as before and during, the fact.

All these things are now public knowledge But what action is to be taken? The relatives of the murdered men will receive £200 apiece. Sullivan and Coutts are to be disciplined. None of the warders is to be tried Neither Cowan nor Campbell has been dismissed. Nor has Baring, the Governor. Lennox-Boyd has not taken the honourable course, and resigned; nor has he, or Amery, issued any apology whatsoever. The commission of inquiry has been instructed to confine itself exclusively to the future. *They are all going to get away with it.*

Why, in Heaven's name? Because we, British citizens, on whose ultimate authority these crimes were committed – Good Britons, as no doubt we like to think of ourselves – are not prepared to insist on retribution. There have been no public meetings. The press, with few exceptions, has remained silent, preferring to devote itself to eloping heiresses. The opposition did not judge it wise to put down a motion of censure on Lennox-Boyd. The latter has not found it necessary to augment the single detective who guards his Belgravia home (but you can't set a policeman to guard your soul. Lennox-Boyd). Labour MPs do not want to make too much fuss: the electorate might turn nasty.

In the story of Hola, as told at the inquest, there is an incident of almost Biblical significance. Peters, the Ministry of Works official, saw the beatings in company with Johannes Ezekiel, his African clerk. After a time, sickening of the scene, he turned to go. He explained to the Coroner: 'I do not like to watch men being beaten up, and therefore thought it best if we drove away'. No action, no protest, no attempt to stay the hands that wielded the batons. He simply turned to Johannes Ezekiel and said: 'This is no place for us to be'.

Have we become a nation of Peters? Hola was an invitation to every Good Briton to stand up and be counted. There do not seem to be very many of them.

PAUL JOHNSON

Going on Learning

OLD images never die; they have to be publicly broken. In the case of adult education, this is a matter of some urgency. Touch one button and you get a maddening engaged signal: 'Apathy.' Touch another and you get a high-pitched buzzing: 'Yes, when I was a tutor, in 1916, it was a fine movement, but nowadays, with all these Lucky Jims about . . . Welfare State . . . council houses . . . materialism.' Touch a third, some little lion perhaps: 'Yes, of course, Mechanics' Institutes . . . night school . . . meat teas . . . a wet Thursday in Swindon.' Touch a fourth, for a really smooth operator: 'Quite, adult education was necessary, as a remedial expedient. Naturally now that we have full educational opportunity, it is withering away.'

Will the facts help? I hope so. But the psychological damage that has been done to adult education, not only by its natural enemies, but by its supposed friends, has a wider interest, showing regular patterns of distortion of what is happening in our culture and society. If I say what I can show to be true – that adult education since the war has expanded rapidly and vigorously, that it is now exceptionally fertile in experiment, that demand for it increases in direct relation to better basic education – the reaction to these facts, in any particular mind, will show the patterns and images of this culture clearly enough. What happens after that is that mind's own affair.

Three points stand out, to be discussed in detail: the nature of the expansion; the new problems in workers' education; the relation between adult education and such media as television and broadcasting.

The expansion is considerable, but because of the way it has happened it is difficult to compare it directly with pre-war. The Workers Educational Association has had an increase in students, since 1939, of about 33 per cent. But its relations, with different universities, have radically changed in the same period. In some parts of the country, the traditional pattern of joint university and WEA provision, with the tutorial class at its centre, is still the rule. In other parts, it has been virtually abandoned. In Britain as a whole, the number of tutorial class students is about the same as pre-war. But in the Oxford extra-mural areas, for example, there is a threefold increase in tutorial work, and this is still steadily developing. Where it is still applied, the traditional pattern is vigorous and relevant.

There need be no conflict between this traditional activity and the new kinds of university extra-mural work which represent another part of the expansion. There has been a rapid development of a new kind of extension work, partly in relation to specialised groups, partly in lectures and classes for a substantially new audience. This work shows very clearly that there is a large demand for adult education from the already better-educated. In London for example, recent extension figures show 11 per cent. of students as having been to university, and 62 per cent. to Grammar schools. This is extremely encouraging in one particular respect. for it shows that the longer the learning process has been encouraged in an individual, the more likely he is to continue to want to learn. Looking to the future, this is the permanent case for adult education: that the man who thinks his education is complete at 15, at 18, or at 21, is not educated, and that there are now many less uneducated people about. It works in different ways: from the professional worker who wants to keep up with new research, or wants contact with related disciplines, to the man who knows how many questions – in politics, philosophy, religion, literature – come alive in new ways in adult experience, and that the universities, which among other things exist to keep this interaction going, can meet him on them, within the context of his ordinary living

The extension audience is largely of a new kind, and represents a vital expansion. At the same time there has been another kind of expansion, in the work of the local authorities. Here, again, there is marked variation, in different parts of the country. But, in different ways, with new short-term residential colleges, with adult education and community centres, with the expansion of the evening institutes, and with the provision of lecturers to thousands of voluntary groups, the local authorities are doing excellent work, again with a largely new public. To this must be added the developing schemes of certain voluntary organisations themselves: notably the Women's Institutes and Townswomen's Guilds.

The growth is leading, naturally, to tensions between old and new organisations, to difficult readjustments, and to a complicated kind of adult education politics*. The issues are real, but I wish more people discussed them in terms of the absolute necessity of an expanding culture, which must obviously operate at very different levels and in very different ways. A large part of what passes for adult education theory is an extraordinary combination of sectarianism, special pleading, mythmaking and mortmain. In practice, fortunately, the difficult and continuous negotiation of the necessarily complicated working relations has been surprisingly successful.

Workers' education is a key issue. This has always been difficult, with the competing claims of Socialist education (by the spirited National Council of Labour Colleges) and university education through the WEA. It begins to look as if this long division may be ending: if it does, the gains will be great. Much of the post-war expansion of adult education has been in the expanding middle class, yet the WEA's present students include some 39 per cent. who are workers in the sense that the TUC understands workers (from labourers and shop assistants to post-office workers and draughtsmen). Another 11 per cent. are teachers, and 35 per cent. are housewives, of similar background to the majority of the men. This seems about right, but a decline in manual-worker students is concealed within it. A great deal is being done to meet this situation, through the trade unions. I am sure this approach is right, for the working class, in spite of the Welfare State, is still socially alienated, to a marked degree by comparison with other groups. The social par-

*For an introduction to these see *Trends in English Adult Education;* ed. S. G. RAYBOULD. *Heinemann.* 21s.

ticipation of the working class is still primarily through its own collective organisations. This is a fact of our culture more fundamental than television or council-houses.

Education through the unions is now an exciting growing-point. Some unions, with the Transport and General Workers in the lead, have their own excellent schemes. Day-release courses, particularly with miners, are very successful, and are spreading. WEA pilot-schemes, in South Wales and on Tyneside, are attracting young workers, especially through linked weekend courses. For many people, perhaps especially manual workers, this short-term residential work fits much better into post-war life than the evening class, and moreover it has certain educational advantages. In all this new work, teaching problems are difficult, but in the last ten years there has been something of a breakthrough, with courses related to specific industries (at Oxford we have a research programme to get these facts alone), teaching related to specific democratic activities (meetings, negotiations), and training in public expression – writing, speaking, skills of study – at a point where the unions' practical needs and a central process of humane education interlock. Given reasonable resources, this new workers' education, through unions, will develop in a radically important way.

There is no necessary opposition between education through the small group and the use of such new media as broadcasting and television. We all live at different levels of community, and a healthy culture needs a corresponding scale and variety of institutions. Broadcasting has helped adult education, both directly and indirectly. Television, at worst, has not harmed it. In the US, television programmes of adult education, directed by universities, are successful; and, with the coming of a third channel, we should consider the same possibility here. Yet we do not necessarily want a television Third Programme. I was alarmed to read that the transfer of educational broadcasting to Network Three has reduced its audience to less than a tenth of its previous size. This is the result, surely, of a distorted kind of thinking, quite natural to a class society, which not only assumes divisions between people but then, by arbitrary separation, enforces them. A more useful way of thinking about the third channel is in terms of institutions other than the ordinary 'independent' congeries of newspaper, publicity, and commercial interests. Other groupings might be considered, on a regional basis, from such institutions as universities, theatres, orchestras, county societies, the great voluntary organisations, local authorities, and the minority national cultural organisations. If the Labour Party is serious about a common culture (and it had better be: it is its one growing point) a proposal of this kind will get the most detailed and serious consideration.

Adult education, in its formal sense, will continue to serve its growing minority. But its whole spirit, most admirably expressed by the WEA at its best, is of growth towards a genuinely common culture, an educated and participating democracy. The images of prejudice and fatigue are now being powerfully challenged, by a new generation on the left. In certain things that are now happening, on absurdly limited resources compared with the powerful resources of a capitalism living on acquisition and display, we see a practical and desirable shape of our future. The miners come to Oxford to study the coal industry, and to join in an equal discussion with its leading officials, but they also join in, excitedly, on discussions of language and social class, or contemporary literature and politics. Nuclear physicists from Harwell ask for and attend tutorial classes in literature and philosophy (this is the educated response to specialism, and in it lies much of the case for future adult education). Packed audiences at Glyndebourne listen to resident producers and university lecturers discussing one of the season's operas. Sociologists, film-makers, archæologists, local historians, astronomers and biologists find ordinary people eager to study and practise their skills. A neurologist, a philosopher and a writer meet to discuss with 50 members of the general public the bearing of their disciplines on the idea of a creative mind. And the most sustained and professional discussion of contemporary literature takes place, up and down the country, in adult classes of ordinary readers, to whom many of the writers come and discuss their work. These things, and many like them, are happening now, in 'Britain the unknown country'. It is in the growing pressure of their exciting reality that the old images will be broken.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

London Diary

We were being kind about Dulles, talking of his tough character, his guts, ability and unrelenting industry. We agreed that his genius did not only consist in 'an infinite capacity for taking planes'. We were harshly interrupted by a good American Democrat, a man of impeccable political respectability. Why, he asked, were we all 'going soft' on Dulles? Just because the man was ill, did we have to be sentimental over virtues that were common to millions? Did he not ruin the State Department by trying to do everything himself and, in his arrogance, let slip every chance of peace-making? Why leave off telling the truth about him? Well, putting sentiment aside, what is the truth? Dulles was an able, extremely vain, man who, like many other puritans, got his prejudices tangled up with God's. 'The only card-carrying Christian', as they say in Washington – a remark which recalls Dizzy's crack about Gladstone, who, like other politicians, enjoyed having an ace of trumps up his sleeve, but was exceptional in believing that God Almighty had put it there. Dulles seems to have applied these stern puritan principles to foreign policy only after the war. He had worked as a successful corporation lawyer in close touch with German cartel interests and had never equated Hitler with anti-Christ. Politically, the damage he did was to divide the world into the hosts of Light on the one side and those of Darkness on the other; he seemed to assume that he was appointed by God as a sort of Archangel Michael to lead an American crusade against the Devil. Those who were not military allies of America were tottering on the edge of Hell. No matter how far from democracy a country might be, and how little liberty its government permitted, it was 'good' and part of the 'free world', provided it was armed as a member of Nato. In terms of political expediency there was an argument, even if a disastrous one, for this policy while Stalin lived. But it had nothing to do with principle, let alone Christianity. It became terribly dangerous when it meant outlawing China, pushing every issue to the brink, and refusing to see the need for a new policy when Krushchev came to power in a Soviet Union which was armed with H-bombs. At the time when his illness took a serious turn, Dulles was said to have just begun an agonising reappraisal. Mr Herter has both to repair the disrupted State Department and make the reappraisal that Dulles may have begun.

I have wondered for some time whether there was any link between the demagogues of Notting Hill and white supremacists elsewhere. Now, as I look at a duplicated leaflet – without any imprint – that is being circulated in the Paddington district, I am fairly sure that there is some contact between our local Fascists and anti-coloured propagandists in South Africa and America. It may be more significant than the threatening letters dispatched in England and signed KKK. For this leaflet, which purports to give the 'racial facts' about Negroes, contains material which is identical in parts with printed matter put out by segregationists in Mississippi. There is the argument that Negroes have smaller brains, more sweat glands which produce a 'nauseating stench', hair which 'resembles the wool of lower animals', sickle-shaped blood cells which, by 'mongrelisation', have destroyed the civilisations of India, Carthage, Greece and Rome. And there is the same attack on the alliance of 'philanthropic Communists, Soviet intelligence agents, political bigots and religious cranks' which is supposed to threaten the 'blood essence' of our people. I suspect, however, that this revolting nonsense has reached this country by way of South Africa, for the document contains a good deal of praise for the 'order-aspiring' policies of the Nationalists, and denounces those who are trying to upset the 'harmony and prosperity' established by *apartheid*.

* * *

Apartheid is blasphemy; if the fatherhood of God does not imply the brotherhood of man, then Christianity is nothing. On this the churches are every day becoming more outspoken and, in the strict sense of the word, more dogmatic. The Catholic Church in South Africa has now unreservedly and officially condemned *apartheid*. The struggle against it in Cape Town and Johannesburg has throughout been led by the Anglican Church. Now comes the outspoken and overwhelming victory of Dr MacLeod at the General Assembly at Edinburgh. The Church of Scotland has a special concern with Nyasaland where its missionaries have withstood much official pressure. It is no secret that strenuous efforts behind the scenes have also been made to intimidate the Assembly in Edinburgh. But quite vainly; has not every Presbyterian child been nourished on the heroic story of the missionaries in Central Africa? Does not Dr Livingstone remain a hero? The Assembly was not to be fobbed off with generalities. It followed Dr MacLeod, who bade it 'speak for the Africans'; it demanded the release or trial of detainees and declared that the African community in Nyasaland should govern their own country.

* * *

The Church in England lags behind the Scottish Church, though it has many witnesses, including men like Father Huddleston and Canon Collins. These church leaders and others, like Mervyn Stockwood, are doing their best through Christian Action to induce their church to make an equally honest body of itself. At the Albert Hall on Monday night they also continued their powerful campaign for nuclear disarmament. As in the matter of *apartheid*, the Catholic Church should be as dogmatic as it is in South Africa. By definition, a nuclear war cannot be a 'just war', since it involves indiscriminate destruction of the innocent and the guilty. On Monday night the Albert Hall was full and convinced. Of course one would not expect such a meeting to make headlines in the very popular press, since there was no disturbance and no one was beaten up. But it was odd indeed not to be able to find any reference to this important meeting in either *The Times* or the *Manchester Guardian*.

On 11 May, replying to William Clark in ATV's *Right to Reply* series, Aneurin Bevan took the Labour Party's policy, I think, a step further in regard to nuclear tests. Did he mean that the Labour Party should 'stop' or 'suspend' the tests? Bevan replied, 'I think this is a distinction without a difference. We shall stop, and I cannot conceive of any circumstances in which we would want to renew them.' This, I think, is in accord with the trend of opinion inside the party and, if the issue is fairly put to the electorate, may prove to be acceptable to the country.

* * *

Mr Mikardo is too shrewd to have been flattered by the barbed bouquets thrown to him by Crossbencher in the *Sunday Express*. These snide comments on his birth and past record, this tribute to his outstanding ability, are all preparations for the real dirt to come. Seniority would make him next year's chairman of the Labour Party. Therefore a campaign is started in the Tory press to exaggerate the importance of Mikardo himself and of the post of chairman. He stands for a thorough-going Socialism which is disliked, as Crossbencher knows, by Gaitskell and the more right-wing trade union leaders. What then is more calculated to make trouble than to pretend that his personal views on policy are really official party utterances? The purpose of the whole operation is given away when Crossbencher says that Mikardo would be 'the most controversial chairman since Harold Laski'. But will the Beaverbrook press, when it comes to it, really want to repeat the Laski scare, which had such a boomerang effect in 1945?

* * *

On the rare occasions when I find myself in agreement with John Gordon, it is because he is outspoken about legal stupidities and cruelties. Fantastic, indeed, that an engaged couple parked in a cul-de-sac to kiss each other good-night should be spied upon by the police, should have to spend £500 in successfully defending themselves, and should then not be awarded costs, though the jury decided that the police were lying! I should add another point. Supposing this couple had really been 'misbehaving' in the legal sense. Could their behaviour inside a private car sensibly be described as 'an act of lewd, obscene and disgusting nature . . . to the great disgust and annoyance of divers of Her Majesty's subjects'? This antique legal phraseology has become ridiculous.

* * *

Two correspondents have sent me 'Churchillisms' – both of them, I think, clearly apocryphal. The first (from Councillor Balcombe of Salford) says that GBS invited Winston to the first night of one of his plays, adding: 'Please bring a friend, if, of course, you have one.' To which Winston is said to have replied: 'I am terribly sorry I can't come to your opening night, I will certainly come to the second night – if you have one'. Apocryphal, if only because GBS was invariably polite – except in public controversy. The second comes from Mr Fisher, of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth: Sir Winston, on an occasion during the Spanish Civil War when a bridge collapsed taking with it its load of refugees, said: 'Too many Basques in one exit' – a really horrible double pun.

* * *

A characteristic story about Ben-Gurion is going the rounds in Israel. Asked to sum up his plans for his country in one sentence, he is said to have replied: 'I want Jews without money, and money without Jews'.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Lady Huggins, vice-chairman of the Conservative Commonwealth Council, declared at Nottingham University last night that too much fuss was being made over the deaths of Mau Mau detainees at Hola Camp, Kenya. 'These men were undoubtedly beaten to death but they were in fact the worst type of criminals themselves and they would not have been accepted back in their home districts.' – Nottingham *Guardian Journal*. (J. Richards.)

A woman who claims she is going to have a 'baby from Venus' has puzzled Mr George King, leader of the Aetherius Society, which has its headquarters in the Fulham Road. 'I think she's been fiddling about with psychic matters', says Mr King. – *Kensington Post*. (A. T. Brett-Jones.)

Miss Ogilvy has taken the season fairly seriously. She had her nose broken and re-set by Sir Archibald McIndoe. – *Evening News*. (J. A. Bullwinkle.)

The sight of a fake clergyman, in his biretta and vestments, smoking and dancing and singing at a jazzed-up funeral may have its appeal to those whose humour is of the NEW STATESMAN kind (a limited number), but certainly not to those who still have regard for the Established Order. – *Hornsey Journal*. (A. Wilson.)

Police Constable Roy Rushmore, booked by a fellow policeman for parking, told Ipswich magistrates yesterday: 'I had to attend this court as a witness. I knew that 20 minutes is the parking limit except with special permission from a uniformed policeman. I was in uniform and there was no other policeman about so I gave myself permission'. – *News Chronicle*. (Eric Swainson.)

The Gods at War

THE approaching election of M. Henri Troyat, the distinguished French writer of Russian origin, should constitute the final episode in a painful controversy which, for a year, has convulsed the French Academy. Since its creation by Cardinal Richelieu, the Academy has seldom experienced such fierce passions and intrigues as those which marked the fatal year 1958. As early as April last year, observers noted that the Immortals were attending the weekly sessions with unusual diligence. The object of these sessions is simply the perpetual revision of the Dictionary, but gossips refused to believe that the proposal to admit the word 'camping' could have produced what was evidently deep disagreement. However, since the sessions were *in camera*, the public had to be content with the explanation given by M. André Chamson: one group objected to 'camping' because of its English origins, while another cited the admission of 'challenge' as a precedent.

Eventually, a calculated 'leak' revealed the true explanation: the deaths, within a short interval, of Messrs Claude Farrère and Edouard Herriot had created two vacant seats, and the remaining Immortals could not agree on who was to fill them. To be precise, the 'left wing' was violently opposed to the candidate of the 'right', M. Paul Morand; and the latter group, by way of reprisal, was blocking the election of M. Jean Rostand. The usual vote-swopping in the *coulisses* for once was no good, for 11 of the Immortals, led by François Mauriac and Jules Romains, had announced in advance that, in no circumstances, would they vote for Morand.

Why? Jules Romains finally explained publicly: Morand had been Vichy ambassador in Bucharest and Berne. His wartime writings reflected a general sympathy with the Germans, and at the Liberation he was summarily suspended from the diplomatic service. Some years later, his friends had launched a campaign to get him reinstated – his punishment, it was argued, being out of proportion to his crimes – and in 1953 the Quai d'Orsay had reversed the verdict. Romains said he did not quarrel with this, since the Academy was not a court of law and had no authority to pronounce on Morand's political conduct. At the same time, he said, there was a difference between forgiving sins and elevating them into virtues. It may have been a mistake to execute Pierre Laval, but this did not mean that the state should now erect a statute to him. Equally, to elect Morand would amount to giving formal endorsement to his collaboration with the Nazis.

A logical thesis. But it did not convince Morand's sponsor, Pierre Benoit, who refused to withdraw his candidature. The election held last May was inconclusive: neither Morand nor Rostand got in. After a few months' interval, the right wing gave way, and Rostand was elected to fill Herriot's chair. *Le tout Paris* believed that a compromise had been reached, and that at the end of April, 1959, Morand, in his turn, would be elected. Then the controversy took a dramatic turn. The head of the French state is the official 'protector' of the Academy; and, though he never takes part in the debates nor has the right of veto over its linguistic decisions, he traditionally accords a solemn audience to each newly elected Immortal. But, on this occasion, General de Gaulle informed M. Maurice Genevoix, the Academy's Perpetual Secretary, that he had no intention of receiving M. Morand.

This threw the Academy into turmoil. Since 1772, when Louis XV opposed the election of Suard and Delille, on the grounds that 'their lectures on religious and governmental matters were reprehensible', the head of state had never exercised his powers as protector in so direct a fashion. But the Gaullist group, and above all Mauriac, threw the blame for this on Morand's supporters for maintaining the candidature despite the opposition of a large proportion of their colleagues. They pointed out that elections were traditionally conducted in a spirit of compromise, and that in the 19th century, the solitary opposition of Félix Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, had blocked the election of the great grammarian Littré for eight years.

In the end, Morand himself withdrew, but in a very disagreeable and graceless fashion. In a public letter, distributed in the form of a broadsheet, he said he would 'give way to pressure', and thanked the 18 Immortals, whom he described as 'among the most illustrious members of the Academy', who had backed him to the end. For an outsider, this was a serious breach of the secrecy which surrounds the internal politics of the Academy; it also implied that those who had not supported him were less 'illustrious' than the 18. This led to a great deal of bad feeling, and the pro-Morand fraction was violently attacked in the press. Pierre Benoit, their leader, thereupon announced that he would resign from the Academy. M. Mauriac and others promptly pointed out that this was impossible: 'One is Immortal once and for all and cannot renounce the title.' Benoit finally withdrew his resignation, swearing he would never set foot in the place again. There is nothing new in this – as Anatole France could have told him.

The 'unfortunate *affaire Morand*', as *Le Monde*

Knight's move, or castle's?

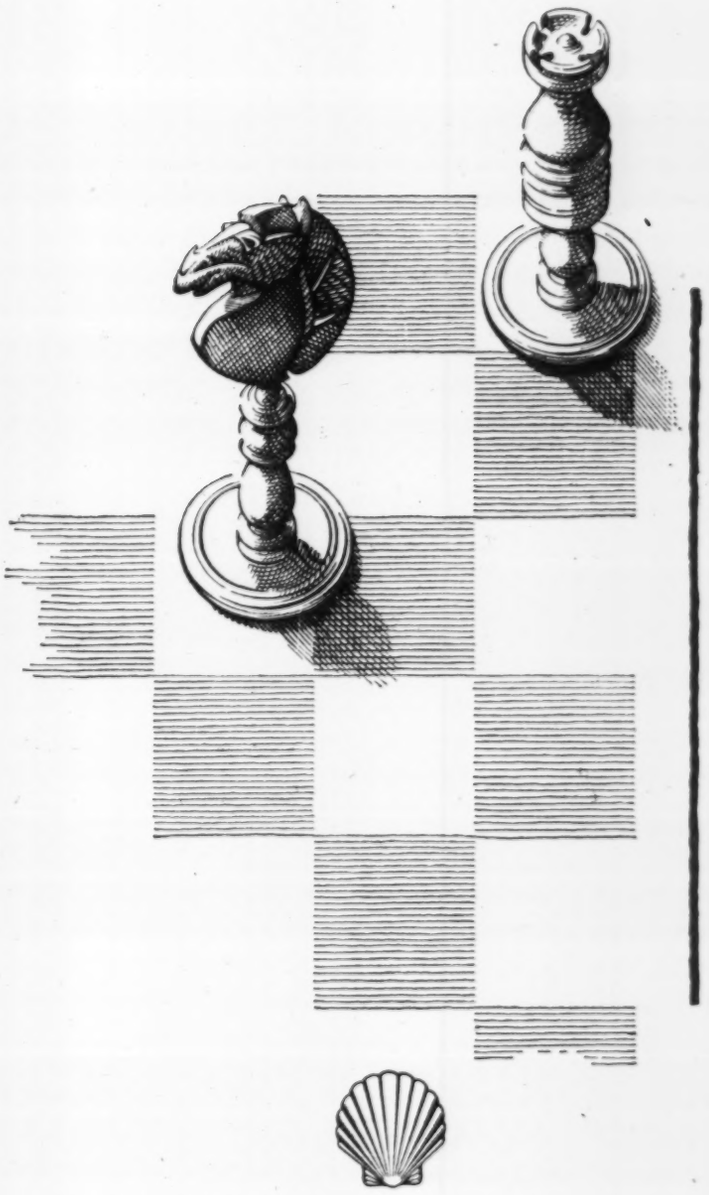
Can Shell be sure? Those who want to make a career in Shell often ask, "Where am I likely to be in 15 years' time?" Geologists, physicists, geophysicists, chemists, engineers, chemical engineers, economists and arts men: they all want to know where they are going to get to.

We may have a pretty shrewd idea, but we cannot always know for certain; partly because things move very fast these days, partly because people change their ideas as they go along.

The aim, however, is to plan a man's career several moves ahead. He may move in a direct line like a Castle. Or he may move like a Knight, sideways and forward. For instance, the chemist, engineer or chemical engineer can move from the operational to the commercial square; the geologist or physicist from exploration to production; the arts man from Marketing to Personnel Administration . . . and all towards top management.

And a pawn can always become a Queen.

As the oil industry and the chemicals-from-petroleum industry expand, the variety of moves a man can make is constantly increasing.



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calls it, is thus over; and with the election of Henri Troyat, the Immortals can resume their dispassionate contemplation of 'camping'. But the Academy's prestige has suffered a heavy blow, and the government's intervention sets a dangerous precedent. The paradox, of course, is that at the moment when France is going through a period of acute political apathy, its literary Elyseum, which is traditionally above such squalid matters, should have plunged into one of the most fiercely political rough-and-tumbles in its history.

Paris K. S. KAROL

The Flight from Little Rock

SHORTLY after President Eisenhower sent the paratroopers to Little Rock during that city's historic school integration crisis almost two years ago, bumper stickers began appearing on Little Rock automobiles bearing the legend, 'Refugee From Occupied Arkansas'. The stickers were the handiwork of the White Citizens' Council and were intended to show how shamefully the people of Arkansas were being oppressed. Needless to say, all of the motorists displaying the stickers were loyal supporters of Governor Faubus.

I was then a reporter for a Little Rock newspaper. Those of us who did not share the viewpoint of the Faubus supporters greeted the appearance of the stickers with derision because, so far as we could see, the 'refugees' were not in fact fleeing the state. There were no scenes of cars outbound from the city, the seats piled high with children and family belongings, and their owners casting baleful looks behind them. Rather, the 'refugees' were going about their normal occasions, and I strongly suspect that none of them, short of an all-out shooting war with Mr Eisenhower's forces, ever would have left the city of their own accord. In a perverse way, they were enjoying thoroughly what they chose to call the Occupation.

Since then, however, a genuine exodus from Little Rock has been taking place. A recent survey has shown that, despite a general slump in business in the city, the people in the removal business have had to work overtime to accommodate all the families seeking to leave. Some who have left are parents of school children, forced to go elsewhere to find suitable education for their youngsters because Governor Faubus has closed the public high schools to prevent integration. Some are clergymen, routed from their pulpits for suggesting that laws and court orders should be obeyed. And some, like myself, have left simply because of despair, or anguish or frustration. For differences from the majority viewpoint no longer are tolerated in the South.

The integration controversy has confronted the southern churches with a crisis that is particularly acute. The churches are divided on the moral issue posed by the Supreme Court ruling and this, coupled with the fact that virtually all southern churches are rigidly segregated, has made it almost impossible for the churches to exert a strong moral influence in gaining peaceful acceptance of integration. It also has subjected individual clergymen to extreme pressures. Any minister who speaks out for integration stands to lose much of his congregation or his job. This is a material risk that comparatively few ministers seem willing to take. Privately, many of them say they believe their congregations eventually will come around to accepting integration, and to force the issue now would only drive many good people out of the churches. Also they see nothing to be gained – and much to be lost – if they are dismissed and replaced by fanatical racists.

One effect of the Little Rock crisis has been to make the White Citizens' Councils and the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People more militant. It also has strengthened the hand of both organisations considerably. Throughout the South the crisis has swelled the membership and enriched the coffers of the Citizens' Councils. Nowhere has this been more apparent than at Little Rock, where the Council formerly consisted of only a relative handful of people, most of them quite elderly, who met in a musty, old lodge hall. The Council now rents the ballroom of the city's leading hotel for its gatherings and the faithful sometimes number as high as 1,000. They may not be as convinced now as they once were of victory in the fight against integration, but they seem every bit as militant and enthusiastic as in the heady days of 1957. The NAACP has found it more difficult to recruit southern members since the Little Rock crisis but outside the South sympathy – and contributions – have been bountiful. Much of this money will be used to finance lawsuits to compel more integration in the South.

With the liberals in retreat, business leaders intimidated, the churches divided and the battle continuing between two militant, unyielding forces, there isn't much to be hopeful about in the South at the moment. That is one reason many people have left. But the long-range effect of the Little Rock crisis may be that it has speeded, rather than impeded, the resolution of the race problem. The myth that the South could avoid integration and keep its institutions intact has been destroyed. It has been demonstrated that the only alternative to integration is to set up private schools which must operate on private contributions but cannot possibly be sustained in that manner for long. Parents in Little Rock are feeling the pinch already, and Faubus may not be able to prevent the school board from taking a more moderate line.

The collapse of Virginia's programme of massive resistance to integration, which followed the realisation of this fact, has had a tremendous impact on the South. Virginia is the traditional leader of the region and, while it would not be accurate to say that Virginia's decision to bow to federal authority has broken the back of southern resistance, it has left it badly sprained. Governors in at least two states which have had no integration – Florida and Mississippi – have said that they will never close public schools to avoid integration. In Georgia, one of the most rabidly segregationist southern states, some legislators have urged that token integration be accepted in preference to closed schools. Before the surrender in Virginia, no one in Georgia would have dared suggest that publicly. The mayor of Atlanta has urged the governor of Georgia not to close the schools if the NAACP wins a lawsuit for integration in that city. One obvious reason for all these statements is that the South's aggressive post-war programme of industrialisation has been damaged by the furore at Little Rock. There is a recognition among southern political leaders, often expressed privately but seldom in public, that racial violence and closed schools are luxuries the South cannot afford.

It seems almost certain that, largely because of Little Rock, a new and more stringent civil rights bill will come out of the present session of Congress. The South remains Democratic, but the national Democratic Party no longer speaks for the South, and Democratic leaders seem to be trying to dissociate themselves from the South so that the region cannot be a liability to them in the 1960 presidential campaign. The South has no place to go politically, except into another futile third-party movement, and it may find itself taking such a course next year, willingly or otherwise. All of this seems to mean that control of public education in the South will pass increasingly to the federal government. Integration may be effected more rapidly than if the South had shown a willingness to comply. It will not be generally accepted, of course. Acceptance probably will not come about until the children now growing up in an integrated environment reach maturity and send their own children to school.

RAY MOSELEY

Leave Me Alone

THREE years ago, during his first visit to London, Friso slept on a spare bed at our flat in Paddington for a couple of nights. The evening he arrived I dragged him to an artists' session in a Soho pub, and from there, with quart bottles under our arms, to Notting Hill Gate. The first serious conversation I had with him was about one a.m. The party was just warming up. He was sitting quietly on the carpet, in a corner, with an unopened bottle between his knees. I sat next to him, poured out for both of us in my glass, and said that if he didn't want to spend the night alone he'd better stay on at the party and take pot-luck – I had to go back to home.

'I'll go with you', he said. He had shown no surprise at my suggestion but was disturbed when I pulled him away roughly as he tried to say good-bye to the girl whose flat it was – she was dancing – and told him we take our coats and leave, just like that. In the clear mirror of his provincialism I saw reflected my own battered city face: London does to a Bombay man exactly what it does to a man from Bradford.

He had come from Amsterdam on his motorbike. I said I would see him across Waterloo Bridge. Driving through Oxford Street he remembered he wanted to take a present for his wife – 'clothes would be best, you don't think?' I thought of nylon underwear, but he refused to be dragged into that department, and finally we decided on a warm red housecoat. I got off at the beginning of the Old Kent Road. 'We meet again', he said.

'More likely we do not ever meet again', I said.

He was angry then. 'All right. Maybe not. But why you say it? Is it not better to hope?'

'Some people need to open a window from time to time; others, who have opened too many, need to close all windows', I said. I wondered what I meant as he drove away. He wrote from Amsterdam and sent me some of his etchings. I replied, but later I went back to India and stopped writing to him.

When I met him again it was early last year in Amsterdam. 'So I am right?' he asked. I agreed. 'No, no, but you are also right. You learnt me something in London. I open many windows. I am open to all my possibilities.' We talked for hours as I watched him at work, austere, in his studio. I came back to London, shut myself in a bedsitter in Hampstead and finished a first novel. Soon after I had handed it to the publishers, I got a letter from Friso. He was ill, depressed, trying to get back his 'energie' and living alone in his 'sea-cottage' in the north of Holland.

Abbestede is a farmstead, and Friso's small, ship-like hut is a sheep's bleat away from the big 'boor's' house. I went there late in July last

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year and slept on a camp-cot on the low 'top-deck'. The eye sees nothing but flat, green, cud-chewing contentment, up to the farm's edge where the road and the sand-dunes begin. It looks as if the whole village, windmills and all, was set up piece by piece for picture postcards. Then, abruptly against the sky, the 30-odd feet of rising land assume the shape of Himalayan ranges. Friso *was* ill – physically. I cooked, cleaned, and refused to talk about the problems of his painting. We ate, drank, lay in the sun, and shot arrows against the wind at a cardboard target. At night, after a bottle of Bols, the sea sounded like a merry fleet of trains rushing along.

In the nearby village of Callantsoog were many German tourists. Friso snorted every time he saw one. He ran yards away from a family on the beach, all hands working steadily to build a sand-castle. He threw his arms in the air when he heard two of them spelling out carefully the limits within which they would each swim – 'you take this part of the sea, I take this'.

'*Godfordammer*,' Friso cursed, 'you hear that? They will divide my sea.' To cool off we went for a beer to a tourist restaurant. The waiter gave me a starched smile and said, conversationally, that he knew me.

'Yes?'

'Oh yes, you are a Lascar seaman.'

I agreed that I was. 'But how do you know?'

'I was in the merchant navy myself, and I had many Lascars working under me. You are very dirty, right?'

'How do you mean?' I ask.

'You eat with your fingers, and when the rice from the plate falls on the deck, you pick it up and eat it, right?'

I laughed. Friso paid in a hurry and ran out of the restaurant shouting, '*Godfordammer*, these Dutch people.'

He explained that he bought the cottage to be alone, to forget Amsterdam and 'all this rubbish talk about art and problems of art in our times'. 'Slowly, I make this house good for myself. This year I have built a small studio. Next year I have a bath. But all these people begin to come here and talk like this. You feel?'

Every evening Friso's neighbour, a farmhand, entered in stockinged feet, silently, through the kitchen and sat on the best armchair. He is about 65, and clogs go clip-clop in his mouth when he talks. His head is bald under a cap; the face, with skin like a camel's, looks like a work of sand-graffiti; the eyes are unblinkingly alive. His fingers are twisted permanently into a prong shape – through weeding and planting with bare hands. He was born in the hut next to Friso's, went to America, but came back to Abbestede. On lonely winter nights he walks the beach with a lantern, as generations of coastal Dutchmen have done, looking for treasure from ships wrecked off the coast. He finds nothing, but he collects wood for the winter. You can sit in front of him and close your eyes and be sure he will not have disappeared when you open them again. He is immovable and solid. Friso planned to paint a portrait of his neighbour.

After a fortnight, Friso was much better and I returned to London and moved into a flat in Langham Street. My next novel had begun to take shape in Abbestede. Then I made two fatal mistakes: first, I got a telephone, and secondly I plunged into the organisational side of publishing, for a retainer. The world moved in on me, fast, oppressively, and the telephone became a shrill, hysterical instrument of intrusion. Langham Street and publishing ended with my spending the nights in any bed but my own.

So I telephoned Friso, gave up the flat and was thankful to stop off at Amsterdam on the way to Africa – a journey which luckily I was able to arrange. This time Friso knew it was I who was sick – diseased with London. So, over Easter, we went to Abbestede again, to the 'sea-cottage'. The weather was conspiring with Friso to help me return to health. He cooked and cleaned and planted willow trees around his house. We both drank and feasted. It was too early still for tourists.

The first time I saw the old neighbour was when he waved from his bicycle and announced he was going to search for blackbirds' eggs. I asked Friso if he had painted the portrait. He said: 'Terrible. It was hell. First, he refused to sit. Then he refused to wear the cap. Then he stopped coming to see me. And he began to call me "sir". Why he does this eh?'

I did not answer. It would have been easy to moralise. But the point of this story is not moralistic. Later that night Friso began to draw me. The next day I left Abbestede for Amsterdam and Africa. In the train to Genoa, on the second leg of my journey, I wrote this. I wonder if Friso will call me 'sir' when next I go to Abbestede.

V. ANANT

The Arts and Entertainment

Brecht in Western Germany

Two years ago, Foreign Minister von Brentano, in reply to a Social-Democrat during a debate in the Federal Parliament, warned his countrymen to beware, stating bluntly, 'I am of the opinion that the later poems of Brecht can only be compared to the lyrics of Horst Wessel'. There's no telling what certain politicians will now say when they learn that the large Frankfurt Municipal Theatre has just shown for the first time in the West Brecht's *Schweik in the Second World War*. In this musical play on Czech resistance to the Nazis the original Horst Wessel march of the Nazi stormtroopers is actually sung by Schweik – to lyrics which are ironic, ridiculous and witty, in harmony with the theme of the play: denunciation of war and race hatred, the races here of course being 'master' and 'servant'.

Once again Brecht has chosen a familiar, lovable character to illustrate his ideas. Back in 1927 he had already dramatised Jaroslav Hasek's famous novel *The Good Soldier Schweik* for Piscator's memorable production which launched the modern concept of epic theatre and established the pattern of Brecht's future style. This new version retains Schweik as the invincible symbol of 'the little man' by bringing him up to date, face to face with Hitler, Himmler, Goering, Goebbels, all four in masks.

The eleven scenes are preceded by a prologue in which Hitler asks his chief yes-men how the little people of Europe feel about going to war for his political aims. He easily obtains the answer he wants and the play begins – in a Czech tavern run by Mrs Kopecka as a meeting place for resistance workers. There, while Schweik the dogcatcher and his eternally hungry friend, fat Baloun, dream aloud about some precious meat they've been promised, Schweik is arrested because his clever double-talk on politics has been reported. He is freed by an SS officer on condition that he steals a prize poodle for him from a Czech collaborator. Trouble starts when it is found that the dog has 'accidentally' been made ready for goulasch to satisfy Baloun's appetite. As punishment he and Baloun land in the ranks of forced railroad labourers, loading and unloading war material which they regularly manage to steer in the wrong direction. They are found out, arrested and sent to the Russian front where Schweik, after endless adventures, meets Hitler at Stalingrad, an encounter which gives 'the little man' his chance to make 'the big man' feel the terrible fate which awaits him.

The scenes showing the Czechs amongst themselves are filled with laughter and affection, and spiced with hopes and irrepressible jokes, all ingeniously wrapped up in slavic patience and an unwarlike people's ability to smile the invader to death with an assortment of killing kindnesses. A frantic dance scene at the tavern, for instance, with two SS troopers drinking and trying desperately to be part of the local revelry, is obviously concocted to give the dancing couples an unpunishable excuse for jostling the two outsiders until they are forced off the premises. Then the meeting comes down to serious business – new and better ways of swindling the SS.

The play was written during Brecht's exile from Nazi Germany and created in 1957, six months after his death. This first production took place at the Polish Army Theatre in Warsaw, followed by showings in Dessau and Erfurt in East Germany. A leading Frankfurt critic believes that this new *Schweik* definitely establishes Brecht as 'the people's poet'. He even compares the play to the Brecht-Weill *Threepenny Opera* in its fast-moving action, the irresistible charm of Hans Ernst Jaeger as Schweik, the extraordinary ensemble performance of the company under the taut direction of Harry Buchwitz (who is also the dynamic head of Frankfurt's municipal theatre and opera house), and the stirring melodious score by Hanns Eisler, part of it specially written for the Frankfurt opening on 22 May. 'The Song of the Moldau', for example, as sung by a remarkable actress, Lola Müthel, who plays Mrs Kopecka the innkeeper, may prove as popular as the best tunes in the *Threepenny Opera*.

The second major Brecht production, *Saint Joan of the Stockyards*, had its world premiere on 30 April at the Hamburg Schauspielhaus and has been the topic of the day ever since. This modern application of Joan of Arc as a civilian warrior against exploitation and social injustice follows the Shavian model fairly closely. The action takes place in the Chicago stockyards during the Great Depression and revolves around a maid in the Salvation Army (shades of yet another Shaw opus) who suddenly finds herself disowned by her superior officers for pleading too eloquently the cause of the disinherited, the hungry and the unemployed. Her attempts to change the thinking of the Meat King and his workers earn her the scorn and hostility of both sides and lead to her death in a snowstorm. This melodramatic twist, it seemed to me, was over-exploited by the producer and deprived the final scene, Joan's glorification by her detractors, of its impact as a plea for understanding amongst men *before* the great sacrifice, not after. The fact that the producer, Gustaf Grundgens, is known not to like Brecht (who nonetheless wanted the ex-head of Hitler's three

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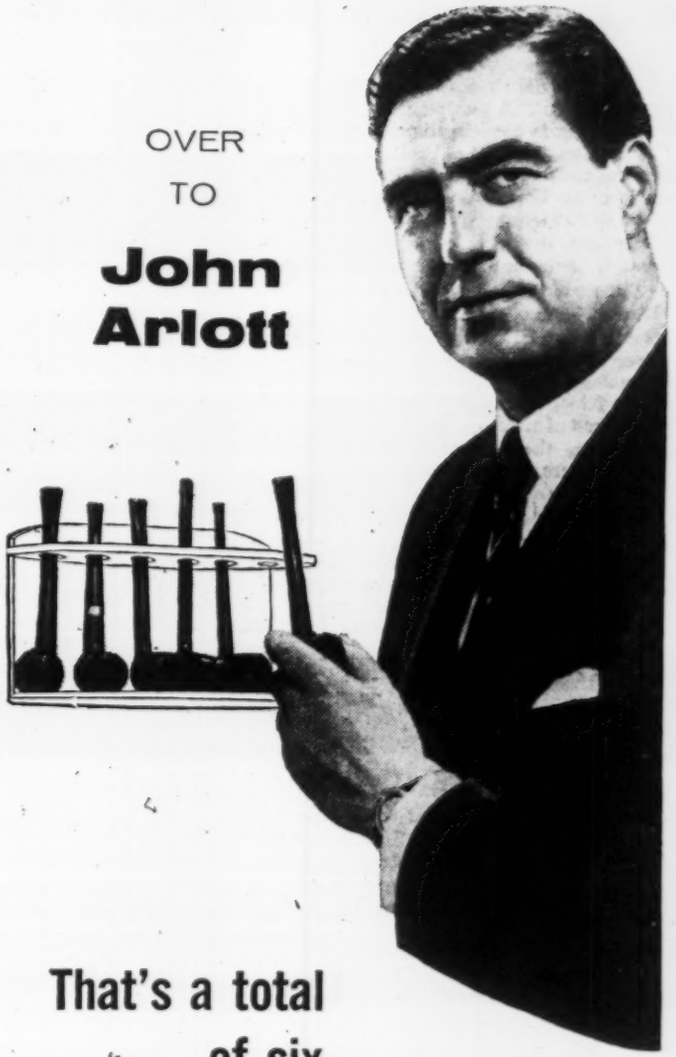

That's a total of six...

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State theatres in Berlin to direct this particular play) may not be irrelevant to the flashy, superficial tricks of decor, acting and operatic histrionics.

This epic drama was written during the grim year of 1930. This partly explains the attention it is attracting in a country where well-to-do bosses and workers have been reading daily reports on the ups and downs of the recession and unemployment in the USA and various corners of Europe. With West Germany riding the crest of economic prosperity, this play succeeds because it goes straight to the heart of everyone's fears.

But there are other reasons, too. The role of Johanna Dark is sensitively acted by Hanne Hiob, Brecht's own daughter; Hermann Schomberg, as Pierpoint Mauler (the initial J is missing), gives an unforgettable performance as the strong-weak Meat King, torn between his love of power and his hatred of suffering. Under Grundgens's direction, alas, the choruses – the unemployed, the meat packers, the buyers, the sellers, the middlemen, the small speculators – tend to become part of the decor rather than of the action.

All things considered, including any future misdirected hostility from on high – it is probably a good thing that theatres are subsidised by *Land* or *Stadt* authorities and not by the central government at Bonn – we may expect Brecht to go on being the most frequently performed modern German dramatist in Western Germany.

MAURICE KURTZ

Look Back in Anger

TIMES are indeed changed when, with *Room at the Top* still running at the Rialto, an English film as vexed, adult, and intelligent as *Look Back in Anger* can take the screen at the Empire. 'Based on the play by John Osborne'; but for once this doesn't mean distortion or reversal of its author's intentions – he himself collaborated, and found helpers to improve on a by no means faultless original: some slight reservations will be mentioned later. *Look Back in Anger* has in fact the urgencies and contacts the British film has been drearily drifting away from ever since the War.

Behind the titles we pitch in to a beat session exhilarating in its detail of feet tapping and a still pair in the row, spotlight, reflector globe, the trumpeter's fingers nursing a cigarette. Already with the trumpet we are snatched into Jimmy Porter's world of egotism and protest; it lifts in a wet dark street to evoke far echoes. This beginning, tempting the young and affrighting elders, marks the differences between film and play: it will be less enclosed, it may swallow some of its spite but with tentacles reaching further, it will be more human, less doctrinaire, and on the whole – allowing for the fact that the play came first – the better work of art. Since most readers will certainly either have seen or read the original I need do no more than mark the transformation. The camera throws open the street door, children are running by; rain on the window prompts the umbrellas hurrying to church. In two very important particulars this going-about mends weaknesses in the play. One is that sweet-stall which at the Royal Court seemed no more than odd, misjudged fancy: here, in an all-alive-oh market, one is persuaded that – yes – in Jimmy Porter's martyrdom this may have been a phase. Then, hitherto a mere cursory mention, Ma Tanner (Edith Evans, beautifully subdued) walks and talks, lays flowers on a husband's grave, and is herself, finally, lowered in a coffin, so that she exists as something more than material for harangue. In other details, too, the ugliness of pensioners on a seat or cut-throat competition in the market, the film wins perspectives such as one might get, critically, by comparing John Osborne's distortion and hatred of people with, say, Léon Bloy's.

For this imaginative gain in a new medium we must be grateful chiefly no doubt to the director, Tony Richardson. He directed the play, and here manages his cast so as to wrest a rancorous honesty from Jimmy Porter (Richard Burton), a new plausibility in Helena (Claire Bloom). The Sunday trio, with Mary Ure at the ironing board and Gary Raymond as the Welsh boy, manœuvre well in close-up. The camera work of Oswald Morris (responsible for *Moulin Rouge* and that most lively and underrated of London films, *Knave of Hearts*) misses no opportunity of light and shade, stance and movement; near faces or the busy background are composed with a rare eye for circumstance. A film of many talents, not least those of Nigel (Quatermass) Kneale who wrote the screenplay and Osborne himself who brings to the new scenes a diction smart as sliced onion.

The harangues have been cut down, with epigrammatic effect, so that now more than ever Jimmy Porter looms as a Hamlet in low places, keeping the sting without the reiteration of opinion. The sense of something rotten in the state of Denmark Hill remains powerful, even if the Bishop and the H-bomb have gone and a fair whack of brother Nigel. Some fuel from the Angryman's bonfire may have been abstracted, but the gains more than compensate. My only regret about this undoubted triumph for English films and English character, would be the far more general one that itself, for all its achievement and promise, it looks back to the theatre of three years ago.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The New Bloomusalem

THE Nighttown section has always seemed to me the most boring stretch of *Ulysses*, too long, too contrived, yet lacking the technical virtuosity which is a substitute for human relevance in some of the other drearier reaches of that vast book. And it deals with a kind of experience which emotionally left Joyce cold: the deep fantasy worlds of Bloom and Stephen. Bloom, the hen-pecked, passive, anally-fixated cuckold and lapsed Jew, turns Messiah, turns woman, turns masochist. Stephen, the latter-day student-Hamlet and lapsed Jesuist, who has denied his mother's dying wish, sees himself crucified on his own blasphemy and self-pity. In the book their rampaging through the red-light area seems a bit laboured, deliberately shocking, too clever by half. For Joyce was the master of the stream of *consciousness;* he could cope with the unconscious only by a series of elaborate sleights of intellect. There is a story that Joyce only once had a dream, and that was even more intellectualised than Bloom's antics: he dreamt he was the ace of diamonds, in the act of mounting the stairs.

Yet this highly conscious fantasy-play, which in a sense makes fun of the unconscious with stage directions longer than the dialogue, has been transformed by Burgess Meredith into a magnificent dramatic occasion. He has been greatly helped by Marjorie Barkentin's shrewd adaptation of the text. She has not only cut the Nighttown scenes to a manageable form and inserted illuminating fragments from elsewhere in the novel, she has also thrown in for good measure two earlier scenes which define Bloom and Stephen in their preoccupations and set them in motion. *Ulysses in Nighttown* is more than a broad reminder of the novel; it is a play complete in itself.

Mr Meredith's main asset is his leading actor, Zero Mostel. Mr Mostel has in abundance all the qualities – the warmth, pity, fallibility and sadness – that make Bloom the Jewish Don Quixote of the twentieth century. He is also immensely funny. Joyce always claimed that Bloom was, above all, a comic creation; but in the book his comedy is often weighed down by the author's obsessive encyclopædism. Mr Mostel leaves no doubts at all. He can imply as much in one expressive flick of his hands and rolling of his eyes as Joyce crammed into pages of tense prose. His 'long unintelligible speech' was one of the funniest things I have ever seen on the stage. On this showing, Mr Mostel, who was removed from American TV for knocking his sponsor's products, seems to be one of the finest comedians of our time, like a less aggressive, more human Groucho Marx, with an elephantine elegance that is wholly his own.

He was well set off by the rest of the cast. Alan Badel made Stephen as green-faced, introverted and humourless as he should be (the second half, in fact, dragged because in it Stephen begins to share the honours with Bloom). Pauline Flanagan did splendid justice to the fragment of Molly's soliloquy, and Paddy Stone was the elegantly stylised cuckold-maker, Blazes Boylan. Mr Meredith's one casting mistake was, I think, Valerie Bettis as Bella Cohen, the Circe of Nighttown. Miss Bettis played her as a thin, vicious Oriental, on the model perhaps of Brecht's Shui Tah, a Bad Woman of Dublin. It was perfectly effective in its way, but its way had nothing to do with the menacing and moustached heavyweight the narrator described as she entered.

Otherwise, Mr Meredith put not a foot wrong in his production. He kept the cast moving with great invention and control; he created crowd scenes with a handful of people and almost no props; he developed a narrative coherence a good deal more lucid than appears to the reader. Above all, he resisted the temptation to lapse into mannerisms. There was not a touch of feyness in the whole evening. The fantasies never lost their logic, however perverse. There was irony but no whimsy, pity but no sentimentality; the unconscious became, in his hands, dramatic wit. Mr Meredith has not only produced a first-rate evening's entertainment, he has also given a lucid impression of the whole style and range of Joyce's talent. Our fashionable young producers could learn a lot from him.

A. ALVAREZ

all the lists of names and addresses of ULR subscribers have been **stolen** from the journal's offices. If you are a subscriber and have not received your copy of the spring issue, please send all details to **Universities & Left Review 7 Carlisle St London W1**

Pre-Naturalism

I BELIEVE that Henry Moore himself considers that most 'interpretations' of his work are so much nonsense. He is probably right. Not only because many critics are fools, but because the problem of the meaning of his work haunts him and forces him round in circles so that finally his inability to solve it actually supplies him with his subject matter. On certain occasions Moore has tackled straight subjects – the Madonna and Child, the Dead Warrior, the War Sketch Books. On other occasions he has got lost and confused and so produced works which are objects and not images at all. But most of the time he has to wrestle – even if unconsciously. And so must we, too, but consciously and logically. We can, of course, simply say that Moore has the ability to create forms that somehow please us and then use words like Dignity, Strength, Power – words offered to mysterious gods. But in time these words wear thin, and if Moore's work is to last, its significance must become clearer.

Take his new figure for the Unesco building in Paris. (A 7ft working model for it can now be seen at the Marlborough Galleries.) A reclining figure is what it is called. Probably feminine. The forms of the body rounded, hollowed out, transported and transformed. If it wasn't for the head on the neck it would be difficult to recognise as a figure at all. Given this clue, however, the forms do become readable. Yet as what? As you walk round the work, the five massive earth-bound forms change their relationship with one another, change their formation as easily and freely as five birds in the sky. And in the pliable imagination suggested by that, you recognise Moore's mastery. Yet mastery for what purpose? A master makes the form of a work seem inevitable. Then this inevitability challenges the inevitability of nature in the name of something. In the name of what does this sculpture challenge? Why do three boulder-like masses fuse together to challenge two legs? The questions nag. You respond to the work. You say to yourself: the meaning of art cannot always be made explicit in words. But imagining yourself a sculptor, you also sense that no one could go on from where Moore leaves off. And no one has. Why?

The distortions in this work are not emotional in the expressionist sense: they clearly don't reflect the artist's attitude to his subject, if his subject is assumed to be a woman. Nor are they structurally analytical: they reveal nothing about the way a body moves, grows or is controlled. They don't, in other words, take us *beyond* static appearances, propelled forward by either emotion or dynamic knowledge. On the contrary, Moore's distorted forms appear more immutable than any living appearance. They are dead? Not quite. More dead than alive? Yes, but what is more dead than alive? Inorganic matter. And there you have it. Moore's subject here is not a woman: it is the inert material he has in his hands. This work doesn't challenge the reality of the human figure: it challenges the reality of the meaningless mass that it might so easily have been. It is an object striving to become an image: a prophecy of life not yet manifest. And so it seems to me that Moore's work represents effectively and truthfully the modern artist's struggle to achieve vitality, to discover a theme. It poses the problem, it begs for a solution, but it does not offer one. It is art which has voluntarily put its back against the ultimate wall. Which is also why no one can follow Moore. One can't go further back than he has.

JOHN BERGER

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Gramophone Records

IT is perhaps a little unfair that a recent selection of six Rossini Overtures conducted by Antal Dorati (Mercury MMA 11006) should have to be compared with an almost identical selection that has just appeared on RCA (RB 16096), conducted by Toscanini. The Toscanini performances are so well known that detailed comment seems unnecessary – readers interested in specific instances of Toscanini's 'editing' may care to turn to Spike Hughes's recent book *The Toscanini Legacy* (Putnam, 30s.). All conductors of Rossini must be beneficiaries in that legacy, and there are many points in Dorati's interpretations that would surely have been very different if Toscanini had never lived. The trouble is that Dorati brings too little of his own to the music, whereas Toscanini brings too much. As always, Toscanini reminds me of the crippling limitation of the gramophone as a means of listening to music. Having once heard the results of one of his more spontaneous inspirations, how can one hope to return to it and find the same effect of spontaneity? The appreciable or infinitesimal difference which a second performance might have brought to the same passage is missing, and since the life of a performance must extend to the infinitesimal, a second hearing is like a visit to a museum rather than an excursion to the living world. This is not simply a matter of Peacock's famous 'question in the garden'. Surprise is the least important function of interpretation. In the case of Toscanini's editing, the effect is, of course, not even intended to seem spontaneous; and where the editing seems presumptious – as it does, for instance, with certain substitutions of *legato* for *staccato* – the prospect of a second hearing is frankly dreadful. But it is good to have the Toscanini-Rossini overtures on a single disc, and they should not be missed.

It would be interesting to know what Toscanini (who was the very type of post-Beethovenian conductor) would have made of Richard Strauss's *Dance Suite after Couperin*, which has just been recorded by Rodzinski and the Philharmonia Orchestra on HMV (ALP 1605). Strauss's extensive instrumental doublings are often ugly and ineffective, and Rodzinski's spirited performance can do nothing to disguise this – though the arrangements which come nearest to the style of chamber music sound very well. The recording also has good performances of the *Dance of the Seven Veils* and the tone poem *Death and Transfiguration*. Salome's Dance is also to be heard on a Mercury disc (MMA 11013), whose main feature is Florent Schmitt's *La Tragédie de Salomé*. Schmitt's most celebrated work has always enjoyed what one might call a historical reputation – living more in the pages of history books and commentaries than in the concert hall or theatre. Despite great technical skill and a trace or two of originality (which may in a very minor way have influenced Stravinsky, as is sometimes suggested) it belongs essentially to the waxwork department of the musical repertoire. But even there it must occupy a more prominent position than a work like Martinu's *Les Fresques*, which has been newly recorded by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Kubelik, on ALP 1675. Following the implications of its title, *Les Fresques* attempts a colourful, rhapsodic texture, combining the melodic style of Dvorak and Smetana with the kind of post-Impressionist harmony and orchestration that we find in Florent Schmitt and early Roussel. It is not surprising that whereas Schmitt's music is second-hand, that of Martinu is often third-hand. However, the record is redeemed by an inspired performance of Janacek's *Taras Bulba*. Janacek is not at his best with a rhapsodic style – his own kind of harmony and melody calls for quite different treatment, and the effort of making a broad gesture always leads him into a betraying conventionality. Nonetheless, there are some fine things in *Taras Bulba*, and no one will ever appreciate them better than when listening to Kubelik's performance.

A lesser work by an even greater figure in the music of Czechoslovakia – the First Symphony (new numbering) in C minor by Dvorak – is now available on Supraphon LPV 370, played by the Prague Symphony Orchestra under Vaclav Neumann. Although written when he was 24, this symphony belongs to that category of rediscovered *juvenilia* which has Bizet's Symphony as its crown jewel. The Dvorak Symphony is unlikely to challenge the popularity of the Bizet work, for it is over-long and lacking in melodic distinction. But the extent to which it foreshadows Dvorak's mature work is most remarkable, and it certainly deserves a hearing.

Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra have recorded most of Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake* for Decca on LXT 5501-2. The Drigo version of the score is used. Drigo's cuts seldom have much musical justification, but in this instance they do allow us to hear a fully representative version of the score on two discs. Ansermet's performance is beautifully judged in its tempi, but somewhat lacking in theatrical attack. The album is excellently produced, with admirable notes that for once set forth exactly what is to be heard of the score. But in view of the ministrations of Drigo, Tchaikovsky's original intentions should be checked in the recently published full score. They more than deserve such a gesture of respect.

DAVID DREW

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HEINEMANN

Pint into Quart Pot

BEFORE the considerable expense of a third television service is undertaken, we ought perhaps to satisfy ourselves (however it is financed, whatever its character) that we have got enough material to fill its programmes with. On the 'documentary' side (in the widest sense of the term) I think we probably have: like any successful newspaper, *Tonight* gathers far more material than it can ever use, and there seems to be an unlimited assortment of discussers and interviewers willing to sit around talking, in a tolerably viewable way, for the producers of both BBC and ITV programmes on religion, politics, and whatnot. (But it is time for a new approach to the actual seating of sitters-around: the BBC in particular constantly puts them, against a tiresomely fussy backcloth, in the uneasily bogus 'informality' of four chairs, all of the same height, round a contemporary coffee-table – *i.e.*, a table that might have caught one's eye thirty years ago and is now to be seen in every furniture shop window in the suburbs; as I was once told reproachfully, when I protested against this drearily familiar *décor*, 'It's meant to look as if you were sitting chatting in your own lounge'.)

Sometimes, indeed, these discussions come to life in a way that makes the rest of the evening's entertainment look flat and unreal: last Sunday, for instance, in ITV's *About Religion*, Anthony Greenwood and others drew from Mervyn Stockwood (the new Bishop of Southwark – a fact still in itself as surprising as the appearance on TV of a bishop of the Established Church wearing a light suit and a bow-tie) some well-rounded cracks at Lewisham Labour and Cambridge Tory councillors; also the remark that being a Christian priest in industrial England is 'like being Ethiopian Ambassador . . . oh, they'll come to you for a visa occasionally – a marriage or something'. Earlier that day, a promising newcomer to the *Brains Trust* (which still needs more questions that will not, by their contrived middlebrow whimsicality, cause furrows of just irritation in Julian Huxley's brow) was Prince Peter of Greece, who came through as a civilised and positive character.

But watching plays on TV is still so chancy a pastime that some pretty derelict barrels would have to be scraped if the weekly output had to be substantially increased. The Langham Group's far-post – Turgenev *Torrents of Spring* (BBC) and a jerkily written but brilliantly directed (by Ronald Weyman) ITV thriller, *Girl on the Beach*, have been almost the only plays worth seeing of the last dozen or so I have seen. The latter was all, in its kind, that another ITV crime play, *Distinguished Gathering*, wasn't: this creaked and reeked with stageyness, 'you could almost smell the grease-paint', everything looked made of cardboard, including some of the actors; and a formula that, apparently, detective-story readers and matinee-goers can still take – the dinner-party assembly of equal-motive suspects or potential victims – just won't do on television, a medium much less apt to assist illusion.

It assists it least, of course, on those awful nights when demons tour the studios tangling things up. The BBC had such a night recently. At a tense moment in Gore Vidal's *Dark Possession* (a neat short period thriller, produced at too slow a tempo but saved by Pamela Brown's face and performance) there was a loud crash, off, as a camera fell over or something. Later the same evening, in *Lifeline*, the BBC's earnest Consultant Psychiatrist was conducting, with his usual tact, an interview that would have been painful enough

anyway, for the interviewee was a 20-year-old mongol with a 33 IQ who could just count, on his fingers, up to five, when it became clear that, on top of his other disadvantages, the poor lad was suffering from an acute attack of hiccoughs (which resoundingly punctuated the rest of the programme long after he had ceased to be visible); and, as the Psychiatrist finished talking to him and swung his chair round to face the Medical Superintendent of a Mental Deficiency Hospital, an arm fell off the chair.

TOM DRIBERG

Ballet Rambert, at Sadler's Wells

Once again the Ballet Rambert returns from long touring for its London season, and once again we see the results of Marie Rambert's intelligence, always driving her artists to use their brains as well as their limbs. She is not a one to cry, as Fokine once did to Nijinsky. 'Dance with your legs and my head!' The appeal is understandable since ballet dancers are, owing to the enormous physical and emotional demands of the art, generally unwilling to make anything but the most meagre mental effort. But in producing the three best British choreographers of today (Ashton, Tudor and André Howard) Madame Rambert has shown what superlative results her system can effect. The present company is capable, it entertains with artistic integrity, while in Lucette Aldous we see, all at once, that extraordinary fusion of technique and sensitive grace that makes the true dancer stand out from her merely well-drilled companions. The new ballet, *Hazaña*, has bad labour relations with God as its central theme. But, thanks to a little girl's faith, daddy raises the massive stone cross to its high place in the church unaided, amid the sinful jeers of union members. The drama is well played, but so thick and sickly is virtue made that, as in the other morality ballet, *Miracle in the Gorbals*, we are transported back into those affectations of rectitude that swayed society into sentimental Christianity about 100 years ago.

A. F.

Correspondence

THE DEADLY MIST

SIR,—Dr Tom Margerison's letters display his ignorance about the effects of radiation—an ignorance which is shared by scientists, bomb-makers, politicians and all of us. He can 'call out' Linus Pauling or invoke Dame Janet Vaughan. I can counter with discredited statements by Dr Willard J. Libby or a dozen expert witnesses. (Nor need he advise me, as he condescendingly did Mr Jeffrey, to 'read some of the recent work on strontium'; I have and I do.) All we would be doing, by citing *tentative* experimental evidence, contradictory theories and special pleadings, would be underlining our ignorance.

But 'ignorance' does not mean 'ignoring'. He may not have advocated a teaspoonful of strontium-90 in our morning tea but he is offering your readers a large dose of laudanum. He wants us to wander like somnambulists into dangers of which we are wakefully aware. He may accuse you and Pauling of encouraging irrational fears but I can assure him that my fears are entirely rational, reinforced by every contradictory scientific statement.

Strontium-90 is a man-made radioactive poison, released by nuclear explosions. It is eaten and drunk and is built into the bones as a substitute for calcium. It is present in the bones of every Atom Age child and, since it has a half-life of 28 years, will remain radioactive into adult life. British children acquire it (mainly), at one remove, in milk, part of it being retained by the cow, but in countries where dietary-calcium is mainly from cereals, especially rice, the children get six times as much stontium-90 as ours. It is all-pervasive. For instance in *Science* of 8 May an account is given of a special field study among the 'truly isolated Indians of the uppermost part of the Amazon basin'. Their calcium comes from their diet of yuca. It was found that the yuca contained four to five times more strontium-90 than components of the *average* world diet, 'despite the fact that the actual fall-out in this area is considerably less than in the latitudes 20 degs to 60 degs N'.

Some may dismiss this (and the plant-monstrosities produced by radiation in the Marshall Islands) as quantitatively insignificant, and Dr Margerison may accuse me of confusing dissemination with biological effects. My answer is that, with all deference to Dame Janet Vaughan and her 'admittedly small number' of mice experiments, we know just enough to know that we do not know what the biological effects will be of the diffusion of radioactive substances into our environment. We do not know the biological chain-reaction.

I would cite a reference in the Prime Minister's statement so discreet that its significance may be overlooked. He admitted that watch was now being kept on radioactive carbon. This is produced by the flux of neutrons from the H-bomb converting the nitrogen of the atmosphere into carbon 14 which has a half-life of 5,000 years. A few years ago the biological effects of carbon 14 (although carbon combines in all living matter) were pooh-poohed. Its emissions could have no effect on the human organism. At the UN Atoms-for-Peace Conference last year, and in scientific publications since, concern has been expressed about the effects of such radiation on the lower organisms on which the food-cycle of mankind ultimately depends.

Like Dr Margerison, I believe that scientific *facts* should be regarded dispassionately. A century ago, the great French biologist, Claude Bernard said: 'When he enters his laboratory, the scientist should put off his imagination as he takes off his coat, lest it hampers him and his power of observation. But he should put it on again, with his overcoat, when he leaves'. We must not be unfair to scientists when their imagination boggles at risks beyond the range of their experimental knowledge. Bernard also said 'True science teaches us to doubt and, in ignorance, to refrain'.

RITCHIE CALDER

74 The Crescent
Belmont, Surrey

INDIA AND TIBET

SIR,—I read with interest Mr Kingsley Martin's article *Reflections on Tibet* in your issue of 11 April 1959. Like many admirers and eloquent supporters of Mr Nehru, Mr Martin does not seem to realise that friendship with China is in danger of becoming a dogma of Indian neutrality. It will blind us to such issues as we are facing today, and will make it very difficult for us to take correct decisions. India's faith in Pancha Sila is not going to persuade the Chinese to respect it. 'They are fools indeed who would like to see India involved in a cold war with China'. But they are equally foolish who will go on believing that China is India's friend.

Events in the past have proved that there is nothing which can dissuade China from ruthless aggrandisement. China has failed to respect the territorial integrity of India by claiming a part of India as its own. In spite of repeated protests by the Indian government, the maps showing certain parts of India as Chinese have not been suppressed. The recent accusation of expansionism also shows that the Chinese do not respect Indian friendship. Under these circumstances India's friendship for China appears doubtful. It casts very unflattering reflections on the integrity of the country. Mr Nehru's caution may look like weakness to the Chinese, who have always been very forward in using force to achieve their interests. Now that Tibet has been occupied by them, India will have to give serious thought to the defence of her long border. It cannot be defended with professions of friendship. Or does Mr Nehru believe that it is not necessary to defend the 2,000 miles long border? It is possible that in case of the Chinese violating our frontier Mr Nehru can hope to receive help from the Commonwealth countries and the US.

Mr Nehru's refusal to freeze his hands in a cold war with China is understandable. He is too busy with the economic struggle going on in the country to be disturbed by the Chinese invectives. But time is not in Mr Nehru's favour, and there are reasons to believe that China will go on accusing India of entertaining designs on Tibet. The presence of the Dalai Lama in India is a constant irritant to the Chinese. They may have it in mind to use Mr Nehru's services in order to persuade the Dalai Lama to return to Tibet. If Mr Nehru is likely to offer his services, it will be without any moral justification. Will not Mr Nehru's refusal to mediate be construed as interference in Tibetan affairs?

In the light of recent happenings in Tibet, India's foreign policy needs a re-orientation. 'The Tibetan revolt and its suppression by Peking opens a new and dangerous chapter in Asian history', and India cannot afford to face it like an ostrich. Can India afford to wait and watch if Chinese territorial ambition can be discouraged by declarations of friendship? Is not there another alternative which would give India a right to defend her interests against Chinese expansionism?

AKBER NAQVI

3 Polo Road
Patna, Bihar
India

SIR,—In his comments on Tibet in London Diary of 23 May, Critic remarks in parenthesis: 'legally Tibet was part of China anyway'. If he is referring to the period after 23 May 1951, it appears that he accepts the 'legality' of the treaty which, by force and threat of further force, the Tibetans were then terrorised into signing. If, however, he refers to the position for some 40 years before May 1951, I

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ERNIE ROBERTS
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DR. DON ARNOTT
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hope he will produce his evidence so that it may be rebutted.

H. E. RICHARDSON

St Andrews

[Critic writes: On 6 November 1950 the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs said in the House of Commons: 'We have over a long period recognised Chinese suzerainty over Tibet, but only on the understanding that Tibet is regarded as autonomous.' This statement was confirmed in the House on 25 March this year by the present government. Britain has over many years accepted the fact of Chinese suzerainty. The Chesoo agreement of 1876 recognised China's right to issue passports for Lhasa; and the negotiations about Tibet between Britain and China in 1876, 1886 and 1890 were all carried out on the assumption of Chinese suzerainty. If Mr Richardson's point is that I should have said not 'a part of China', but an 'autonomous part of China' or 'under Chinese suzerainty', I accept the correction. – ED. *NS.*]

THE HUMAN CONDITION

SIR,—Your readers may be interested to read the following extract from a recent letter from my son who has been staying in Toronto, but decided to hitch-hike to Vancouver.

'Have arrived in Vancouver. . . . I began to think the States wasn't such a bad place to live in after all but then I got picked up by the police for hitch-hiking and pretty quickly changed my mind.

'Every state has a law against hitch-hiking for convenience—to pick up suspicious characters—but, of course, they all overlook it and the police never stop you. All except in Washington. There the police take you to the police station and file a report on you and then take you out of the state. So when I reached Washington I got picked up in due course. Before letting me go they looked through my bag and there what should they find but two pages of a paper called the NEW STATESMAN and a cutting from a paper advertising a "Ban the Bomb March" (supplied by Pop with last letter). The police took one look at the review on Miss Arendt's book and realised that this was a Communist paper. Then they found the H-bomb thing and blew up. They called other cops and, sure enough, some of them remembered seeing Miss Arendt's name on the files—"to be watched" or something. I was finger-printed *eight* times, searched, frisked and put in a cell. By saying "Sir" and "Officer" between every other word I prevented them from having any opportunity to kick me (which greatly disappointed them). The FBI and the RCMP were contacted—was I a Communist?—were you a Communist?—where did I get the Red literature?—was I a member of the LPP (Canadian Communists)? I assured them that the NEW STATESMAN could be bought at many newsstands in Canada and probably in the US, too. This they did not believe.

'They started making out a deportation charge—which means I would never be allowed in the States again—actually this pleased me. I thought of how the headlines in *Pravda* would look: "Boy deported from US for having father who would have joined nuclear protest march if ten years younger". But all of a sudden they found that one of them would have to stay on duty all night to watch me—so, with sirens screaming, I was driven to the Canadian border.'

The advertisement for the Ban the Bomb march was, of course, cut out of your paper, too, though my son presumably did not realise it. The review was the recent one on Miss Arendt's book, *The Human Condition*. Does she know she is being watched?

J. B. NAPIER-BELL

49 Old Deer Park Gardens
Richmond

THE SEMANTICS OF BAASSKAP

SIR,—It cannot be allowed that Dr Verwoerd and the Union of South Africa alone have a mastery of baasskap 'newspeak'. Those who framed Her Majesty's Order-in-Council No 296 of 1959 can in their dignified way say it both ways as well as anyone.

Whereas for the aforesaid purpose (of establishing a hydro-electric scheme) it is necessary to create a lake the waters of which will cover certain lands in Northern Rhodesia. . . .

And whereas the creation of the said lake will afford the opportunity to develop certain other lands. . . .

And whereas some of the lands so affected are Native Reserves and Native Trust Lands. . . .

And *whereas it is expedient to make provisions for the well being of the African inhabitants of the lands so affected* . . .

. . . the Governor may grant to any person by lease for 99 years, with an option of renewal, on any terms and any conditions he may think fit, any area of these Native Reserves and Trust Lands.

The Native Reserves were 'set apart for the sole and exclusive use of the natives' (Northern Rhodesian Order-in-Council 1947), and no land could be taken from either without the sanction of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, who is subject to parliament here, and this was specifically confirmed in the federal constitution (Preamble and Article 33). So we 'make provision for the well-being of the Africans' by removing the control of their land from parliament and handing it over to the Governor.

Now, the Governor is a Southern Rhodesian. His appointment is the result of an agreement made in April 1957 between the Prime Minister of the Federation and our Conservative government.

The rent from the leases is to be paid into a fund and the fund shall give compensation to the people flooded out of the Zambezi valley. In this way the people compensate themselves by giving up more land and the price of electric power is not increased by a charge for compensating evacuees which would of course be very bad for the well-being of African inhabitants. I am sure that if the African inhabitants had realised how splendidly their well-being was being provided for they would not have resisted evacuation and it would not have been necessary to shoot any of them.

T. S. L. FOX-PITT

296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1

TRUNCATED TROLLOPE

SIR,—Mr Brown admits first that the publication of the Oxford Illustrated Trollope was undertaken because it was thought it would pay. I have no idea how long Mr Brown has been concerned with this venture, but I would ask him to look back at a copy of the advertisement which the Oxford University Press issued when it was seeking support for the Oxford Illustrated Trollope. That advertisement made it clear that the object of the venture was to issue a *complete* edition of Trollope's novels.

Secondly, he suggests that we should be satisfied with the World's Classics edition of Trollope. Again, he himself admits that this is not a complete edition: it contains only what he is pleased to call 'the best of Trollope's works'. I would have thought that it was one of the objects of a University Press to publish definitive and complete editions of a great author's works, irrespective of the cost.

If my memory serves me right, the Oxford University Press cut short its edition of Thackeray. But it is still producing, no doubt at considerable profit its edition of Dickens. What, Sir, does a University Press exist for? There are at least a score of complete editions of Dickens on the market. No doubt they will always sell well—especially to Hatchard's public. I noticed the other day that a specially boxed edition of the Oxford Dickens was on sale at Hatchard's. But surely the whole point is that there is no complete edition of Trollope, and that one is entitled to look to a University Press to supply it.

Lastly, Mr Brown suggests to us that, by abandoning the Oxford Trollope, the Oxford University Press has been enabled to publish 'scholarly works' which also might lose money for his firm. This is a spurious excuse. In my own subject of politics, I could suggest to the Oxford University Press several supposedly scholarly works which the world could well have done without, which it has already forgotten, but which the O.U.P. published at considerable expense and apparently at the cost of an established authority on his age, in this case Trollope.

HENRY FAIRLIE

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

SIR,—In his will the late Ralph Vaughan Williams expressed a desire that his biography should be written by his wife in collaboration with Mr Michael Kennedy. The Oxford University Press has been entrusted with the publication of this biography, which is now in preparation. I should therefore be grateful to any of your readers who would be willing to loan letters or relevant documents referring to Vaughan Williams's life and career. These letters and other documents should be sent to the address below; the greatest care will be taken of them, and they will be copied and returned as speedily as possible.

JOHN BROWN

Oxford University Press,
Amen House, London, EC4

SLICKEY

SIR,—Mr. Rose takes exception to your critic's 'defence' (*sic*) of *Slickey*. Yet Mr Alvarez's summary of the play did not differ in any marked degree from the low and middle-brow dailies. If he had appeared to understand the author's meaning, I could comprehend your correspondent's objection

Your critic noted the attacks on the Establishment, but he missed a most important point. John Osborne has satirised a significant sociological phenomenon; the increasing dominance of woman in the sex-war. And it is she, despite notable exceptions, who is the bulwark of the very things the play derides: press triviality, royalty, religion and capital punishment, to name but a few.

Slickey is brought to an extreme though theatrically necessary conclusion with the sex-change act; an act that was either completely ignored or described as 'pointless', 'unnecessary', or 'much too long' by the critics.

PATRICK J. GETHIN (Jr)

112 Donnington Court, NW10

Sir Andrew Cohen's

penetrating analysis of the nationalist is worth reading, especially in plural societies such as those of Kenya and Central Africa where resident European communities have to adjust themselves to the passions and emotions of nationalism expressed by men with darker skins than their own. Indeed, I agree with almost every word of it.

MICHAEL FLUNDELL—*Sunday Times*

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Tyrant of Coppet

HERMAPHRODITE, volcano, nymphomaniac, hysteric, histrionic clamourer, meddler, mammal – with these labels Mme de Staël has come down to us as the prototype of the possessive female monster. Napoleon, Talleyrand, Benjamin Constant in his frightened moments, the Paris press, the Viennese court, the shopkeepers of Geneva are all agreed on portions of the description. Letters and diaries exist that make us shudder before the despotic intimacies of an overbearing and rich woman's life. We are not wrong, but we are very far from being right. There was nothing ignoble about her eccentricities; her character is on a large scale. The caricature omits to show Madame de Staël was a creature of commanding intellect acclaimed throughout Europe. She was not a bore. She had courage and wit. She put a spell on the minds of very gifted men. Her conversation was irresistible. She was the most melodious of blue-stockings. She stood up to Napoleon and frightened him by her never dormant flair for power. He defeated her by force and insult. There is too much bosom in her writing – George Sand, George Eliot had too much also – it is easy and perhaps vulgar to make fun of the bosom. We do not read her but it would be just to read a little. We shall find that her books do not entirely consist of those historic and now indigestible lumps left by the past in civilisation's porridge. I was abashed some years ago, when I read *de l'Allemagne*, to find a lively observant writer who was a confident and amateur interpreter of an alien culture. It may be a perverse book which has the tiresome underhand motive of annoying Napoleon and of taking the French down a peg, but she often writes with penetration about the German genius and German life.

The ironical school of biography has always been hilarious about the goings-on at Coppet: the plays, the explosions, the fake suicides, the love affairs, the comedies of the Allée des Explications and the Allée des Réconciliations, the picture of Mme de Staël and Constant writing novels against each other in adjacent rooms. This school is apt to lose sight of the brains within the personalities, and the fact that considerable minds are exceptional in themselves. Mr J. Christopher Herold's life of Mme de Staël* is ironical but it respects her mind. It is an excellent book, indeed one of the best pieces of biographical writing done for a generation. He manages a crowded panorama brilliantly. His taste for character is eager. He has the art of fitting people's lives, fantasies and ideas into history, in a solid and scholarly manner. His wit keeps it all alive and moving, and he is not cold-hearted. The awful, farcical, impossible woman is there, but so is her brain, so are her spell, her pathos and the generous springs of her character. The relationship with Constant is presented not as a devouring feat by a possessive woman who ruined him, but as something like a necessary and nutritive comi-tragedy. Mr Herold is able to remind us that histrionic characters, with their appalling scenes and grotesque infatuations, are not precluded by these from insights into their own natures and into human nature in general. In observing a dominant characteristic we are prone to believe it is always dominant. Thus, undoubtedly, Mme de Staël was a brainwasher: she annihilated and frightened by scenes, and one of her weapons was a capacity to stage instant paroxysms. It was a talent she shared with Constant's second wife. But Mr Herold notes the important difference. Whereas Charlotte could drop at once into catalepsy and keep it up for days until she got her way and could resume her complacent life, Mme de Staël was not able to keep the thing up for more than twelve or fourteen hours. Having an active mind and a searching temperament, she grew bored with her performance. Her restless mind had other matters to think about. She was not a woman of peace but she was generally at war about something interesting. At the centre of Mme de Staël's character is that conceit of power which is common among the new rich. Necker, the banker, supposed he had bought the French revolution. He almost did. His daughter behaved, in her salon, as if governments and policies lived by her licence. In this, as with so many intriguers, her sense of reality failed her. It was fine to stand up to Napoleon; it was obvious that monolithic man could not tolerate monolithic woman. Mr Herold thinks that the excessive emotional force inside her, something which added the masculine to the feminine, was fed by her extraordinary passion for her father. She wished, she declared, he was her husband and her lover. It may be, as Mr Herold says, that her numerous frustrations in love can be traced to the fact that she found no man who could equal, surpass or conquer that yearning. It must be noted, that it was the men who tired of her. She asked too much and she asked it of sensitive, rather feminine men of talent, the quickest to slip away. Women thought her ugly, men found her attractive.

> Of medium height she was, at twenty, still thin; later stocky and ample. Her complexion was swarthy; her lips thick, almost negroid; her nose both prominent and upturned; her dresses always in bad taste. Her hair, later arranged in black ringlets springing from an ever-present turban, she still wore long and powdered. The one feature everyone agreed upon were her eyes. They were huge, magnificent, luminous. Although often described as black, they are shown light and greenish in her portraits. Proud of her arms and bosom, she wore décolleté dresses no matter what the time of day.

Her supreme gift was conversation: 'she seduced not the senses but the sensibility of men'. The more one goes into the story of Constant, it is clear that he was held not only by her paralysing will, her violent scenes and his own vacillation – he was all his life a calculating scene-maker himself, specialising in false suicides – but by their talks together. In that each found the other indispensable; they revelled in generalisation:

> She was, by all accounts, the most brilliant talker of her time. . . . She was at her best when she spoke on those subjects which filled her with passion. Her emotional intensity and intellectual grasp, the improvisatory yet sure-footed rush of her eloquence, produced on an audience an effect that can be compared only to a rare musical experience. . . . Yet she conversed; she did not orate . . . she was not an incessant talker . . . her most remarkable talent consisted not so much in communicating her own ideas as in inspiring and helping others to formulate theirs.

It was a power fatal to other men besides Constant, for she worked upon them until she inflamed their imagination.

And what did she talk about? She lived in the emotional climate of Rousseauism; sensibility, passion, enthusiasm, exaltation, happiness, sadness, reason, light, progress, are her words. If the Revolution was betrayed, she did not turn against it. She rescued emigrés, but she did not turn to the reactionary cause. The Enlightenment was not responsible for the bestialities of the Terror. They arose because enlightenment had not been extended to the masses. It was the task of the century to see this was done. She stands at the beginning of liberalism and on the side of feeling. She wanted a great many of the things Napoleon wanted and, indeed, up to the breaking-point, there is (as Mr Herold says) a strong resemblance between their domineering characters. They both feared ridicule. In love – which was half of her life – one could say that, like him, she tolerated no will but her own. But where Napoleon appealed to greed and vanity and despised mankind, she believed in virtue and in the value of generosity. History moved, throbbed like a heart, thought like a living brain.

Mr Herold's exposition of her works is able, important and painlessly done. She lives with her ideas and this enables us to recapture her. The caricature vanishes. It is better to consider her oppressive than absurd. And then there is another side to her absurdity. Constant wrote: 'Madame de Staël is in good faith in a thousand conflicting directions in quick succession but since at each particular moment she is genuinely sincere, the person she is addressing is completely spellbound by the ring of truth that vibrates in her words'. Yet, when she asked Camille Jordan to come to Italy with her 'to forget everything with you, whom I love profoundly', she undertook to 'suspend her anguish for six months'. Camille refused. She was not annoyed. 'Let us forget it', she said. In fact, under the rhetoric of the heart, there was a realism. She knew her infatuations were infatuations. After her early affair with Narbonne, Mr Herold thinks her heart was never deeply engaged. She entered each one as upon a new play. In the theatrical performances that were a regular part of life at Coppet, she was terrifying in the stormier parts of Racine. She clung to the friendship of her lovers rather than to their love. One of the reasons for her calm reception of *Adolphe* (Sir Harold Nicolson suggests in his introduction to the new edition) is that she

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* *Mistress to an Age*. By J. CHRISTOPHER HEROLD. *Hamish Hamilton*. 21s.

Adolphe and The Red Notebook. Translated by CARL WILDMAN and NORMAN CAMERON. Introduction by Sir HAROLD NICOLSON. *Hamish Hamilton*. 15s.

may have quite coolly recognised it was true; but I doubt if, as he also suggests, she would have been ashamed. She could move with ease from her obsessive idea of things to things as they are. Thus, although she appears at her worst, when she refuses to let Constant go, refuses to be faithful to him and also to marry him, she possibly refuses marriage because she is not going to be such a fool as to let a reckless gambler like Constant get his hands on her fortune. The banker's daughter was not avaricious; she was open-handed; but she kept a good watch on her money. It took a life-time, but she got back what her father had lent the government when he was buying the Revolution.

Constant wrote *Adolphe*, got his liberty and failed in politics when he had most hoped to succeed. Mme de Staël's last lover was a handsome young male, jealous, touchy, uneducable. 'Speech,' she said of him cheerfully, 'is not his language.' Hers was the kind of intellectual ebullience that does not last, chiefly because she was an intermediary, a slap-dash historian, a polemicist who was speaking for her own time. Constant does last, because, in such cases, it is the victim not the torturer who acquires self-knowledge. She at any rate created one of the subtlest of psychologists by half-killing the man first.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Mad World, Mad Kings, Mad Composition

I

If I waved my arms and let off fireworks
They might look for a moment –
  I will show you man in a squabble of starlings
  Swooping and looping over the tingling wires,
  Who cannot hear, screeching his one high note,
  The scrambled messages of doom. . . .
Oh that, they'd say, that old stuff,
Sloughing through fallen leaves to lights-out,
We've heard it before, and it may be true,
But we'd rather have music.

  Please cut out my brain
  And leave me alone,
  I'm bored with the strain,
  I want to go home.
  I've sailed the seas
  And sunk like a stone.
  Cut out the brain, please,
  I want to go home.
  Chop, doctor, slice and pare,
  Give me the gas and cut off the air.

  Don't be frightened to kill,
  I want to be dead,
  I want to be ill
  In a mortuary bed.
  Leave nothing behind
  In my rattling head,
  Just cut out the mind
  And let me be dead.
  Chop, doctor, slice and pare,
  Give me the gas and cut off the air.

II

They were talking about the new world –
A splendid one too, it sounded,
All healthy and happy, and no lonely ones,
Everyone loving his neighbour.
When's it coming? I asked,
O when it comes I want to be there.
Any day now, they answered, smiling,
Any new day when the old one's dead,
As soon as we've made the adjustments
And built the new cities
And the shining new men to deserve them.
But it's not of the earth, I said, your world,
It's an apple-pie bed in the sky.
And I won't live there, I said,
I won't polish your pavements.
I'm alive now, I said, not tomorrow.

III

Withdrawing in good order from the tide
The toys regrouped in fortresses
Hastily built above the tide-mark
Where they shot down the waves till tea-time.

And once upon a time – today, was it? –
A brave man hunched above the sea-wall
Spoke of the wars he had won;
His crutches were guns, the hook on his hand
A bayonet for slitting men's stomachs.
'We must remember', he said, and wept,
And 'We must preserve and cherish',
While the nurse plucked at his jacket.
And the old men spat and remembered,
And the young men practised their hate
On the green helmets of the sea,
And they stood to attention and cried
As the Last Post sounded.

IV

And as was foretold
No bigger, at first, than a man's hand,
The cloud grew over us like a leaf.
And fell.

Bursting, the bowels of the earth
Shone for time's last second: then froze
To silence and the shrapnel of stars.

Slime and plankton reverted to primal matter;
Never again a sightless jelly
Crawling through aeons up
From the blind bedrock of the sea.

At the end of day the unmoved sun
Spun in its rage of hydrogen and ashes.
Everything of earth was dead.
No one to say; nothing to be said.

JULIAN MITCHELL

A Country

How do the old boughs drop
In a windless country?
  Just wear and tear.
How do the old houses ruin
In a frostless country?
  Just wear and tear.
How do the old people snap away
In a winterless country?
  Just wear and tear.
Where do they go, the old people,
In a careless country?
  Into holes torn open by drought,
  By mattocks, hoed open by heat,
  By ploughs and shovels and nails.

PETER REDGROVE

Strong Medicine

Social Science and Social Pathology. By BARBARA WOOTTON. Assisted by VERA G. SEAL and ROSALIND CHAMBERS. *Allen & Unwin.* 35*s.*

There are four possible methods of dealing with social misfits whose behaviour is socially unacceptable: killing them; punishing them; submitting them to medical treatment; and changing their environment. The first can be ignored, although it has not been completely abandoned in some civilised countries. The second was once automatic in every case; punishment was meted out to thieves and lunatics, heretics and children alike. But when medical science, belatedly turning its attention to the disorders of the mind, introduced the idea that sin could sometimes be the consequence of mental illness, the sympathy that had been traditionally felt for the bodily ill was extended to a few categories of the mentally ill, and these were excused punishment. Since then, morality has lost more and more ground to medical science; and more and more 'sinners' have been called to treatment. The fourth method, that of changing the environment, is connected with social reform, and encounters the obvious resistances. Morality once gave the powerful the excuse for not using it: for example, poverty was regarded as a crime, and the poor were punished. Now psychiatry has been brought into this game: the comfortable belief is encouraged that if the individual is maladjusted, it is his fault, not society's.

The advance of medical science into the field of social pathology has thus considerably altered both our attitude to social deviation and our methods of dealing with it. But in the process of making us more humane, is it not weakening our morality? The conventional authoritarian response to this is well known: a bleat that never changes. Now, however, an original voice, the voice of a humane magistrate, sociologist, and progressive peeress, is heard questioning, in a challenging way, what medicine is up to. Where should the advance of the medical empire-builders be held? By what authority do they lay down what is, or is not, normal? Is our submissiveness justified or are we being hoodwinked by witch-doctors dressed as psychiatrists?

These are some of the questions raised, but not answered, in *Social Science and Social Pathology*. It is a sociological study of exceptional interest and distinction. The first part, which is the most objective and the hardest going, for figures abound, is an inquiry into what the social sciences can tell us about the nature and extent of deviant behaviour in our society, its distribution within the classes (little is known about this), and its possible causes. It takes the form of an examination and assessment of other people's research; and in the chapters where causes are discussed, American as well as British studies are used. The author is concerned as much with the potentialities of this approach to the study of social pathology as with its limitations. The latter, which she does not spare, must impress the reader most. Statistics, like cameras, lie, regardless of the integrity of their owners (see the official criminal statistics). Researchers are human. They are prone to wishful thinking, and subject to personal prejudices and social assumptions. Confined to straight and narrow paths of inquiry, their collecting mania produces useful results; in the irrational complexities of the ætiology of criminal behaviour their findings are negative and merely confirm everyday observation. It seems that predicting

POET OF THE PLOUGH

ON SATURDAY MORNINGS a ruddy-faced man with a squashy hat tilted at a rakish angle smiles at the reader from the leader page of the News Chronicle.

When you meet the man himself, his country-bred look is even more noticeable; a stalwart, 14-stone figure, a slightly crumpled suit, steady blue eyes, and a soft, cultured voice warmed and invigorated by a pleasant country burr.

Here is a man who obviously spends long days in the open air, a man deeply sensitive to the poetry of sun, sky and stars. He is Laurence Easterbrook, Agricultural Correspondent of the News Chronicle. Easterbrook is not just a journalist writing about agriculture at second hand, but a practising farmer, and a man with a deep and unaffected love of the country.

The sympathy and affection of his Saturday morning essays find an answering spark in the hearts of many thousands of people, for most of whom the country can only be glimpsed on holidays and at week-ends; people whose only garden may be a window-box high above the city streets. In his Saturday essays Farmer Easterbrook becomes poet and philosopher too.

Early on in life he decided that he wanted to be a writer, and a poet. But as a rule one can do anything with poetry except live off it. So, though intended for the Stock Exchange, he became a Fleet Street journalist. For 23 years now he has served happily on the staff of the News Chronicle under four successive editors.

Easterbrook does more than rhapsodise about the land. His writings are based on the wisdom and experience gained by farming 150 fertile acres near Ipswich. He will not claim that he owns the land. Rather, as he has so often and so sincerely written, the land owns him.

And that, maybe, is why he writes of country matters so devotedly, so engagingly, and so well.

A newspaper is as good as the people who write for it

News Chronicle

behaviour is likely to be their most rewarding line.

We take it for granted now that, in the field of social pathology, psychiatry is a more effective instrument, both for research and treatment, than sociology. As Barbara Wootton says: 'We prefer today to analyse the infected individual rather than to eliminate the infection from the environment.' In the second part of her book she discusses the consequences and implications of this preference, and subjects to a relentlessly rational examination the validity of some ideas now prevailing in medical science. First, she looks at concepts of mental health and mental illness, and finds much confusion. Opinion is divided as to whether it is possible to be a social deviant and yet be healthy, or whether social deviation and mental illness are synonymous. This leads her to the problem of moral and criminal responsibility, which is debated at length. Finally, she opposes her strict common sense to the transcendent pretensions that psychiatry has encouraged in the theory and practice of social work, particularly casework. This is a piquant chapter.

Some valuable conclusions, as to method and practice, follow in a third section. They cannot be summarised here. In a short review one can only hope to indicate the book's huge scope. One curious lacuna must be remarked. Barbara Wootton sees 'the struggle between the rival empires of medicine and morality' as the contemporary equivalent of the Darwinian battle of the last century. 'Psychiatrists since Freud', she suggests, 'have been busy doing for man's morals what Darwin and Huxley did for his pedigree, and with not much less success.' Yet Freud's own contribution to this struggle receives no consideration at all.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR

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André Deutsch

West African Wanderings

Pagans and Politicians. By MICHAEL CROWDER. *Hutchinson. 25s.*

This seems to me a near-miss. The omens generally were favourable. Mr Crowder is an intelligent young man, who got a First at Oxford in PPE, and should therefore have the basic equipment for understanding what is happening in the contemporary world. As an undergraduate he was moved to wander in, and write about, West Africa, and this book is the fruit of a six months' journey, carried out just after he had gone down – covering a large tract of country, from Portuguese Guinea to the Cameroons, from French Niger to Liberia – in the company of Arnold, a friend from Sierra Leone (a wise idea this, to wander with a West African). Economy and good sense compelled him to travel much of the way by bus or lorry, so that he was saved from the frightful temptation to swoop from capital to capital, descending from time to time to hobnob with a Governor, or interview a Prime Minister. Instead, he had the more rewarding experience of interminable journeys in the sort of African lorries which may start in a few hours or a few days, or may have started already, which may stick in mud or flood or overturn – when the European, the impatient organiser, is forced to become aware of his inadequacy, as contrasted with the African passengers who see all these checks *sub specie aeternitatis*. And he had the opportunity of continually picking up new friends on the road – one of the chief delights of this kind of travel – and enjoying the marvellous kindness which Africans show to the stranger within their gates who claims no special European privileges.

Moreover, Mr Crowder has something positive to say: not only on the now familiar theme of 'the African revolution' – though he begins with a quotation from a Senegalese student which expresses this idea very nicely: *'Ici maintenant en Afrique chaque jour, chaque heure, et chaque minute réprésente dix ans de temps passé'*. More important, he reveals – a bit hesitantly sometimes – the inappropriateness of the old categories, the conventional distinction between a 'Westernised elite' and 'tribal masses'. For who make up this elite when you actually meet them? M. Hampaté Ba of Bamako, the quietist theologian and historian, who insists upon the fundamental identity of Muslim and Christian beliefs; Mme Ouezzin Coulibaly, Minister of Labour and Social Welfare, *'une femme formidable dans la politique'*, who led the women of Abidjan to occupy the local gaol, and has an original Picasso in her home; the playwright, Ka Abdou Anta, rehearsing his 'highly symbolic' play, and abusing his leading lady – *'Pas de Fred Astaire ici. Ce n'est pas le Music Hall'*. People of such variety cannot be intelligibly labelled. Hence Mr Crowder's catchy title suggests a disjunction in which he does not at heart believe. For many pagans are also politicians; and many non-pagans are not politicians. And paganism, as Mr Crowder reminds us, far from being a 'simple faith', may – as in the case of the Dogon – take the form of a highly complicated metaphysic which few of us can make the intellectual effort to understand.

This is a pleasant, perceptive, right-minded book which says much that is well worth saying. What, then, has gone wrong with it? Partly, Mr Crowder is not very good at making his major characters live. He met a number of people who are playing a decisive part in the contemporary history of West Africa. But, though he uses the Thucydidean technique of putting speeches into their mouths, he seldom succeeds in showing what they individually stand for or where they think they are going. Partly, though he moved at a slower pace than most modern travellers, he was sometimes in too much of a hurry, and makes snap judgments about people, places and situations, which he would probably revise if he went back again. And I am bothered by the book's apparent formlessness. Perhaps it is an accepted convention nowadays to treat a travel-book as a kind of ragbag, into which encounters with individuals, bits of guide-book description, fragments of historical discussion, visits to industrial enterprises, political commentary, the privations of the journey, can all be thrown together in a more or less random way. If this is the convention, I don't like it; and I hope that in his next book Mr Crowder will decide to break with it.

THOMAS HODGKIN

A Modest Proposal

The Business of Criticism. By HELEN GARDNER. *Oxford. 15s.*

This wise and helpful little book consists of two sets of lectures. One, the Riddell Memorial Lectures for 1956, has previously been published and was reviewed in these columns two years ago. The other set, given at London University in 1953, appears in print for the first time. In both parts of her book, Miss Gardner makes a plea for a more humble and objective approach to literary criticism: an art, profession or industry which has been getting rather out of hand lately. Miss Gardner suggests that a serious book of criticism occupies a similar place in modern publishers' lists to that which a book of sermons held in Victorian times. This may 'place' such books as respectable and boring; but the point Miss Gardner is making – and anyone who pauses to think will agree that it was worth making and that it was time to make it – is that to many modern critics, past literature is a mystery to be deciphered by what have virtually become laboratory techniques. What James ironically called the figure in the carpet not only exists but is regarded as the main reason for which a writer is to be conceived to have put pen to paper.

Each age criticises past literature in accordance with its own preoccupations. Miss Gardner truly points out that many so-called historical novels bring to life, not the period in which they are supposed to be set, but that in which they were written. Contemporary criticism is highly complex and subjective; it tends to reject historical facts as irrelevant and to reduce everything into psycho-philosophical terms – the controlling preoccupation, the central image, the all-embracing symbol, the double or ambivalent meaning, etc. This sort of Toynbeeism, Miss Gardner feels, is over-arrogant because it claims to say the last word: and the last word can never be said about a great work of art, though it may easily enough be said about any mind that claims to interpret it. The critic, in fact, gets in the way of the work he is supposed to be criticising.

Criticism which 'carries you away', it might be said, is magnificent but it is not criticism, for what it carries you away *from* can only be the work it professes to interpret. But the trouble is that the powers of suggestion possessed by great art seem infinite. To separate the ideas suggested from those originally intended requires in the critic the most delicate balance between exercising and restraining his own mind. It is hard to say where the critic proper leaves off and the psychologist, philosopher, riddle-monger, image-chaser

or creative writer *manqué* begin. Thus, the critic who sees everything in terms of, say, symbol and myth, may genuinely so see it; and though he tells us more about himself (and his readers) than about Shakespeare, he may tell us something about Shakespeare. Is the historical Lawrence – for instance – already, after only thirty years, swallowed up, for the time being anyway, in the Lawrence of Dr Leavis? The minds of all of us are such a rag-bag of reading and suggestion that to get back to the poet's original intention as a man talking to men is a good deal harder than it sounds. But Miss Gardner is surely right in suggesting that it is our business to try.

K. W. GRANSDEN

About Perret

Concrete: The Vision of a New Architecture. By PETER COLLINS. *Faber*. 63*s*.

Those who don't know how it is with Peter Collins may have some puzzled moments in reading *Concrete*. Up to about page 92, for a start, they will have been enjoying what is, to my mind, the best short account of the pre-history of concrete architecture that has appeared in English to date. But when the narrative reaches Max Berg's *Jahrhunderthalle* at Breslau, probably the most original, if not the most economical structure in concrete to be put up in the first forty years of this century (1913, to be precise), a certain amount of foot-dragging and hedging becomes apparent, value-judgments of a sort not encountered before creep in.

The reason why is best explained by an almost-apocryphal story about Collins and the editors of a leading architectural magazine, to whom he submitted the best article on Auguste Perret that has ever appeared in print. Impressed, the editors asked if he would consider writing articles on other great modern architects as well. 'Why,' he asked, 'what other great modern architects are there?' *Concrete* is a book about Auguste Perret; it contains a good deal of marginal philosophising about concrete architecture and the classical tradition, but it soon becomes apparent that these are not so much valid generalisations, as useful glosses on Perret, Collins and their ideas.

Perret was the Paul Valéry of architecture – indeed the two men knew one another, and thought so much alike that one would very much like to know who, in historical fact, *really* coined the tag, attributed to Perret but suspiciously Valerian, 'Style is a word with no plural'. Like Valéry, he was a great classicist, at once a genius and a creep, left out on a classical limb by an unclassical culture. The fault of the *Jahrhunderthalle* was not only that it was unclassical but, worse, it was unclassifiable (remember Socrates's panic at the unknown 'thing' in *Eupalinos*). Nothing like it had been built before, but quite a lot like it has been built since, and this, for Collins and all other followers of the Perret *doctrine* (note the word), is where the common philosophy of reinforced concrete construction went wrong.

But, as Felix Candela (who has done more than most to liberate concrete from Perret) has pointed out, it took thirty years to go wrong (or right). Until the mid-Forties, curved vaults were out, square frames were in. Partly this was due to the influence of Frank Lloyd Wright's flat overhanging slabs, but mostly it was due to Perret's unique combination of what orthodox theorists always suppose to be irreconcilable opposites: the rationalism of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, and the formalism of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. Perret reconciled the two in a theory and practice that brought reinforced concrete construction comfortably within the scope of existing *idées reçues*, and brought forth an architecture in which nothing was new or revolutionary except the material of construction.

For this, late but inevitably, he was made an Academician – having fully implemented Valéry's master-formula of Academicism (*Eupalinos* again): the new shall be subject to the old. And this Collins seems to accept, post, cap and lintel. Given this – and it is an easy give because he is quite honest about his own position, even if he is a bit sketchy about the opposition – given this, *Concrete* can be read with profit and a great deal of pleasure, even by the non-specialist. Mercifully free from the blighting *chermaîtrisme* and pomposity of most French publications about Perret – such as Marcel Zahar's recent effusion inevitably titled *D'une Doctrine d'Architecture* – it gives an illuminating picture of the inside of a powerful, but inhibited mind. It is the sort of book that truly honours a disciple's master, and one can only regret that the old man, with his flat-footed aphorisms and comic hats, did not live long enough to enjoy it, or that other tribute from his followers, the rebuilding of Le Havre.

REYNER BANHAM

Fabers have published, for the University, a two-volume history of *Queen's, Belfast*, by Professors T. W. Moody and J. C. Beckett (63*s*.). Queen's was founded in 1845 – after Durham but well before the other English provincial universities – and looked rather to London and the Scottish Universities than to Oxford and Cambridge. Starting with a survey of Ireland in 1845, the authors take the narrative up to 1949.

Robert Graves

Collected Poems 1959

"The public must now confirm its discrimination in acclaiming Betjeman by according equal recognition to this beautifully produced collection of the towering, yet always accessible, verse of Robert Graves—a great master if ever there was one."—*Punch*. 25*s*. *net*

Book Society Recommendation

EDITH SIMON

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That Remarkable Noise

The Jazz Scene. By FRANCIS NEWTON. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 21*s.*

Because jazz is created and not, strictly speaking, reproduced, its writers have suffered from the fatal disability of having to rely on memories and legends rather than the collectively improvised music itself. With the result that emotional extremism and muddle-headed 'criteria-itis' have been, and continue to be, the besetting diseases of the jazz novelist, critic and scholar. Soon, all the greats from the Mississippi Delta will have left us. (R.I.P. Sidney.) The field of jazz literature will be left naked to the tender mercies of the legend-merchants, the half-mad musicologists and a public which, whatever its other virtues, is the most hopelessly myth-hungry in the world. All the more reason for anyone who takes jazz seriously to welcome this compact, clear-headed and intensely readable survey of the development and condition of the contemporary jazz situation.

Jazz, says Mr Newton, 'is what happens when a folk music does not go under, but maintains itself in the environment of modern urban and industrial civilisation.' This sentence is the key to his approach, which is that of a romantically inclined scholar whose tools of analysis come from the bin of philosophic materialism. And the book neatly illustrates the glories and dangers of applying to jazz, the most anti-puritan of the arts, a method which I personally believe to be the most useful in jazz historiography but which is still, at this stage of the game, discouragingly saddled with its own particular brand of puritanism.

Mr Newton's survey is a departure from the usual jazz literature of its kind in that it is refreshingly free of most of the tiresome and useless value judgments (of the music but not, paradoxically, of its public) to which we have grown unhappily accustomed. After nicely condensed chapters on the pre-history and development (Morton and Oliver into Chick Webb, Lionel Hampton, Earl Bostic, etc.) into 'middle period' jazz, the author makes a fine try at assessing, with a minimum of pre-judgment, just why after 1929 'pop' music and 'honest' jazz became so inseparably coiled around each other. (He includes the best short evaluation of bop that I have come across.) Jazz lovers have never really known how to handle this problem of why jazz, originally an urban folk music, should simultaneously develop towards a commercial pop music, and towards an esoteric music for musicians. Mr Newton convincingly describes how inevitable this diffusion and ambiguity really were, given the extraordinarily rapid development from Congo Square to Zen pads in the circumstances of increasing Negro literacy, the insatiable pressures of the market and the deep hunger of an inexpert, world-wide public for an international music of protest. The chapters on the blues, the rise of bop and an introductory definition of jazz are models, and in one or two stretches triumphs, of detached lucidity. For the intelligent layman who wants to start a liaison with jazz on a sure footing, Mr Newton's wise and agnostic survey, I should imagine, is indispensable. So many raunchy jazz myths are knocked on the head along the way that aficionados should also find it profitable if they can face up to beating a hasty retreat on some of their cherished prejudices in the teeth of the almost unbearably lucid analysis. In short, Mr Newton has done that rare thing, a *sensible* book on jazz.

When I came to England I ran into a lovely thing; Cockney boys and girls improvising on washboards and shouting the songs of Tennessee prostitutes, Louisiana convicts and Alabama gamblers. Mr Newton thinks it's a lovely thing too. It's sad, then, that he can't take that last fence and let himself truly relax and enjoy jazz, without having to rationalise his appreciation with a utilitarian puritanism which, at the last moment, causes him to hedge his bets, and to say such curious things as, 'Unembattled, happy, almost complacent is not a bad description of old-style New Orleans music', and 'The Purists [*i.e.*, anyone who digs the private, personal, gritty, bluesy side of jazz] were pure, not because they were told to be, or because they could justify themselves, but because sectarian exclusiveness was in their blood'! Surely, such running-with-the-pack baiting, which is only one step removed from a type of anti-intellectualism, serves only to unman Mr Newton's critical apparatus, not to say his commendable anti-commercialism.

He objects to people, particularly intellectuals, coming to jazz because they read in it some sort of 'answer'. His fears are misplaced, but that's too long an argument to go into here. Anyway, what's wrong with using jazz for a vicarious involvement with life? (He should ponder why young women, whose boy-friends must browbeat them into accepting jazz, often come to it by themselves as they begin to approach middle age.)

How I yearn for a book on jazz written by someone with Mr Newton's admirable clarities that will end, 'Hell, man, this stuff, as far as it goes, is what life is about, and that's good!' Without qualifications and without that puritan dread of drained-off political libido and uncertain consequences. But we know where this kind of thinking leads us. To bohemianism, anarchy, romantic excess, wild colours and spontaneity, perhaps even to a semblance of hard and ardent life itself.

CLANCY SIGAL

'NEW POETS 1959 is an important venture'

wrote Robin Skelton in last week's New Statesman, and described the three poets in it as follows:

Iain Crichton Smith: 'His work is immediately impressive. His mind is subtle and his range wide. He reveals a remarkable flair for both visual description and passionate reasoning.'

Karen Gershon: 'She speaks with oracular assurance. Her images . . . at times give us a sudden intuition of universal dramas and perceptions.'

Christopher Levenson: 'His images are apt and pleasing. He can pick out the essence of a place or episode with considerable skill.'

New Poets 1959, edited by Edwin Muir, presents in one volume three new British poets. It is published at 18s by:

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Pain Remembered

The Seven Years. By EARL WEINSTOCK and HERBERT WILNER. *Faber.* 18*s.*

The seven years began in the summer of 1941, when Isaac Weinstock was a boy of ten living in the Roumanian town of Iasy with his mother and two older brothers. One Sunday the Jewish population was rounded up by the Roumanian Police, under the supervision of German SS men, beaten up and marched to Police Headquarters, where most of them were shot; the remainder were herded into lorries. There followed a three days' journey in a cattle-truck so packed that all but twenty of its two hundred passengers died on the way; babies and small children had been thrown in 'over everyone's head'. The narrator's family survived to be unloaded in a concentration camp, where the three boys worked as farm labourers. It was a comparatively pleasant period; but 'I would forever remember this ride in the cattle-car – not only what they had done to us, but what we had done to ourselves. . . . They had made animals of themselves, but in doing so they had succeeded in having made animals of us as well'. In December they were packed into cattle-trucks once more and taken to a bombed-out village; after building their own living quarters they were put to work in gangs. During this time the eldest brother was shot, and Isaac was one of those ordered to throw earth into the mass grave. 'Some of those in the ditches were still alive and they were in great pain.' Nor did he ever see his other brother again.

At this camp, Transnistria, the boy was converted from his Jewish faith to a kind of Darwinian-cum-Marxist rationalism by a Communist inmate of the barrack-room lawyer type. In August 1944 he was released and made his way back to Iasy, where he found his mother. He was wearing the same clothes in which he had left home three years earlier. It was a time of reprisals, murder, rape and looting, carried out both by Russian soldiers and by some of the Jewish survivors who had returned.

> During the first three weeks following the Russian occupation of Iasy, the Jews had somehow managed to fill all the official positions in the city. . . . Everywhere in the city, on the posts and walls, appeared the handwritten notices: 'Policemen Needed. Ages 17 and up. Only Jews apply.' Undoubtedly this aided the programmes of immediate vengeance against the Roumanians. . . . At the end of the third week, as mysteriously as the Jews had seized the offices of the city, they lost them.

There were also attempts at reconciliation, private ones and a procession of the Greek Orthodox congregation to the Jewish cemetery; the Rabbi, who led a procession of Jews to meet the other, said: 'We are a forgiving people, but may God forgive you'.

In 1945 Isaac attended school, then worked in the building trade. At a political meeting he met Tina, a fervent member of the Communist youth movement, but the friendship did not last long. 'You are not aggressive enough in your views,' Tina told him. In the elections of 1946 the names of the same candidates appeared under all the political parties that were still ostensibly permitted in Roumania. The author began to feel more sympathetic towards his mother's wish to join her brother in America.

In Transnistria I was a prisoner. I was clothed in rags. I slept on dirt and potato peels in a barracks of filth and stink. I was given little to eat and I stole food from garbage cans, for which I could have been shot. I saw and heard of murders and atrocities. But my life and my captors made it plain to me that I was a prisoner. Nobody tried to convince me in the middle of all this that I was really free.

His mother's employer at this time, a baker, was arrested by the Security Police for mild black-market activities and accused of being a 'Nazi, reactionary fascist, capitalist-bourgeois'. These activities were general at a time of acute food shortage; and it appears that Marshall Aid consignments to Roumania were diverted to Russia. At the Black Sea port of Constantsa the author was arrested, robbed, whipped and repeatedly interrogated for attempting to make arrangements for the emigration of his mother and himself; when he told the Security Police official that he was acting like a Nazi, the answer was: 'I have beaten Jews under the Nazis and I am beating them under this régime too'. He was released after many weeks on undertaking to expose members of a Liberal Resistance group at Iasy, for which he himself had worked. He warned the leader of the group, who arranged for Isaac and his mother to cross the frontier into Hungary, then into Austria, where he was taught English by an ex-Nazi officer before leaving for America. His mother died a year later.

This is not a book which one can criticize. There is no defence against it but disbelief; and those who might profit most by reading it will immediately resort to this defence: I mean those ideologists who are prepared to reduce men to expendable commodities for the sake of finding security in one or the other of the current political quarter-truths. Despite the help of a professional writer, the effect of this book is one of perfect simplicity, charity and humility. Of course Mr Weinstock's gratitude to America could be sneered at in other contexts; and one knows what concessions are implied by his American uncle Nat's advice to change his first name from Isaac to Earl. But one can understand that in the 'dullness' of his present life Mr Weinstock has found 'a real, a deepening, a lasting excitement'. His ambition – 'for no particular reason that I know' – to 'open a cleaning store' may also be connected with the filth and stench of the seven years.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

New Novels

Thousand Cranes. By YASUNARI KAWABATA. *Secker & Warburg.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The American Rat. By JACQUES LANZMANN. *Faber.* 15*s.*

The Agony of Love. By CLAUDE ROY. *Cape.* 15*s.*

The Summer Lovers. By HOLLIS ALPERT. *Reinhardt.* 15*s.*

A Call On Kuprin. By MAURICE EDELMAN *Longmans.* 16*s.*

I never feel further from understanding the Japanese than after reading one of their novels. Their instincts seem to be fused in emotional alloys that are different from ours. Qualities or states, such as melancholy and activity, lust and politeness, which we think of as dissociated, appear in them to be blended together. This makes their love stories particularly strange, neither sweet nor sour, like the taste of their own seaweed biscuits. *Thousand Cranes,* in spite of its modern bourgeois setting, seems more remote than *Genji,* so odd is the mixture of ritual and impulse. This is a slight, highly condensed, and most impressive book, a true poet's novel, written in a way that suggests the oriental brushwork technique which tries to omit everything but the essential.

It concerns the relations between a young man and his late father's former mistresses, and the daughter of one of them. With one mistress, Mrs Ota, Kikuji has a brief passionate affair; then she commits suicide. The other, Kurimoto Chikako, with a huge hairy mole on her breast, runs around mischief-making, trying to interest him in the marriageable girl with the scarf from which the title is obliquely taken, and head him off from Mrs Ota's daughter, Fomiko. The traditional ritual of the tea-ceremony, for which Kikuji's father had a strong penchant, plays an important part in all the deliberations. There are moments when it seems particularly suitable for a Kleinian analysis on the lines of a fantasy about the bad breast and the good breast, though this might be to westernise it unduly. But however odd the motivation, the characters themselves give you a strong feeling of rightness and inevitability. This, you are convinced, is how they behave, never mind why. The translation reads well enough, especially the dialogue; but that maddening word *odour,* instead of *smell,* is used rather often as Japanese lovers seem to do a good deal of smelling at each other.

With so much indignation in the air a revival of Céline was only to be expected; presumably we have got to go through the Thirties again as well as the Twenties. *The American Rat* is no pastiche, but the mood is very similar. Fridman, the hero, is a Jewish refugee from Europe, footloose and broke in South America. He is a comically snarly underdog with a deep-rooted psychosomatic masochistic strain. If there is a venereal disease left in the world you can trust him to catch it; but he is maniacally active. Gambling, selling his blood to a blood bank and his body to a hospital, slaving in a copper mine in the Andes, there is no shortage of physical incident. The trouble is that he is so very mobile, so much the nimble, darting, scruffy rodent, that his adventures are rather sketchy and aimless. They read a bit more like a précis than the full work. A picaresque hero of this type, who is not allowed much capacity for enjoyment, needs some more character if he is to make a deep impression. But he is certainly lively, often funny, and he gives you a sharp, acrid whiff of South American city life.

More love stories. As a title *The Agony of Love* is a misnomer. The affair is satisfactorily above average at every level. It is all M. Roy can do to prevent it from ending blissfully enough to satisfy the woman's mags. Alain, a forty-two-year-old anthropologist on the eve of sailing for Paraguay, stays on in France to raise more funds for his expedition. In the train to Paris he meets Anna, a young journalist photographer, has a casual one-night fling with her, then becomes haunted by her image and tracks her down. They embark on an elaborately passionate, peripatetic love-affair in Paris and the country, borrowed flats, houses, hotels; it is accompanied by a round-by-round account of the battle for possession of their respective egos. M. Roy is fascinated by the metaphysics of the love-affair. Some of his dissections remind one not so much of Stendhal, though he has plainly studied the master analyst, as of a religious treatise. The human framework is rather slight to support quite so elaborate a superstructure, but the writing is firm and accomplished; such few minor characters as there are, the American drunk on the train, Alain's anthropologist friend, and Anna's last lover, have each their personality.

As an illustration of the American attitude of blundering prestige-sexuality, *The Summer Lovers* makes a possible comparison. This is not a novel of much distinction. I suspect that parts of it were written with American man's mag readers in mind. It does, however, give you a fairly convincing social picture of the East coast summer beach-house life of the *New Yorkerish* type of New Yorker. Its plot owes something to *Lolita* perhaps, though I suppose one can hardly maintain that Nabokov patented the mother-daughter-stepfather triangle. This is a commoner pattern in multi-married American life than you might suppose. And Sally, who has a love-affair with Andy behind Mummy's back, is a nineteen-year-old. Though not a memorable character, she is quite a useful addition to the museum of adolescent case-histories.

A Call On Kuprin is one of those entertainments midway between a straight novel and a thriller. Two Englishmen, Laye-Parker, a pompous MP, and Smith, a sympathetic journalist, go to Moscow with the self-appointed mission of seducing or abducting Kuprin, a Soviet nuclear physicist of global strategic importance, whom they both knew at Cambridge. Their paths diverge. Laye-Parker gets knocked out by vodka and framed by the secret police for homosexual misbehaviour with a theatrical clown, a kind of secret diplomatic weapon kept specially for this purpose. Smith, an altogether more serious person, has an intense love-affair with Kuprin's sister, and becomes involved in an accidentally violent *faute de mieux* climax. The difference in mood makes for a rather disconcerting unevenness, but there are several good incidents and the background of Soviet travel is well observed.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Shorter Reviews

Race, Prejudice and Education. By CYRIL BIBBY. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

As part of a UNESCO campaign against racialism, Dr Bibby was invited to prepare a book 'specially designed to help school teachers' which would 'provide the scientific information on which simple teaching must be based, together with some guidance on how to use this information to overcome racial prejudice in the minds of their pupils'. *Race, Prejudice and Education* is the result: and there can have been few finer responses to difficult commissions. The task was prodigious. To inform (historically as well as scientifically) on an intricate subject: to give guidance which should be practical without failing to be imaginative: to avoid heat without being cold: to warn against over-enthusiasm without imperilling enthusiasm; to do all this in eighty pages is an enormous feat of subtle compression. The subtlety, indeed, is such that Dr Bibby's essay is more than a triumph of information and guidance on its specific theme: it is also a richly suggestive statement about the nature of a teacher's general responsibilities. Room is found for a penetrating examination of prejudice in its widest sense; and a passage on 'The Emotive Power of Words' tells the teacher of English more than how to deal with racialism at the semantic level.

This is a book that gives teachers the clearest possible briefing for one of their most urgent tasks, and that does so excitingly. The usual hope that it will be widely read is out of place: it *must* be widely read.

E. B.

New York City. By ANDREW HEPBURN. *Nicholas Vane.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Good guides to New York are few: this is one of them, and the better, perhaps, for being written primarily for Americans. Admirably produced and illustrated, it is packed with exactly the kind of information the tourist wants. Beginning at the north end of Manhattan, it itemises, main thoroughfare-by-thoroughfare, the principal features of the city and takes in Staten Island, Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx, Westchester County, the suburbs west of the Hudson, and Long Island. More than 80 hotels, from 3 dollars 50 cents a night upwards, are briefly described; and there is an annotated list of more than 250 restaurants, French, Chinese, German, Hungarian, Indian, Italian, Japanese, Middle East, Russian, Scandinavian, Spanish and Mexican. The main stores and shops are also classified. Visiting firemen may care to note that the Kiwanis meet at the Hotel Roosevelt at 12.30 p.m. on Wednesdays and the Lions at the Shelburne at the same time. The weakness of the book lies in the maps. They have been kept 'deliberately simple', showing only major streets. All right if you are in the middle Fifties, but as good as useless in Greenwich Village. 'It is futile,' says Mr Hepburn, 'to try to discover the Village except on foot. Cab drivers get hopelessly lost in it.' All the more reason for a good map.

W. A.

The Conurbations of Great Britain. By T. W. FREEMAN. *Manchester University Press.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

The term 'conurbation' is officially applied only to the six largest urban clusters in Britain – Greater London, the West Midlands (greater Birmingham), S.E. Lancashire and North Cheshire (greater Manchester), Tyneside, Merseyside, Clydeside and West Yorkshire, the last-named forming a looser agglomeration than the others, with Leeds, Bradford and Huddersfield as its largest single parts. These conurbations, each defined (and then only for census purposes) so as to include only the continuously built-up areas and ignoring the detached dormitory towns and villages which are its dependent satellites, cover 2 per cent. of Britain's land but house 40 per cent. of the population. Probably more than 50 per cent. of the employed population work in them. A couple of millions more live in half a dozen lesser conurbations such as Sheffield, Hull, Bristol and their environs. Mr Freeman, who is Reader in Economic Geography at Manchester, goes further and applies the term to scores of towns of more than 50,000 population, and so renders it virtually meaningless. It is true that Geddes and Fawcett, who first used and defined the word, also applied it over a wide range of urban areas, but in recent usage it has come properly and graphically to be used only in relation to the more massive aggregations of once separate urban settlements.

This book is mainly a detailed account of the changes in municipal boundaries of the larger concentrations as they have grown over the centuries. It includes cursory descriptions of the industrial and commercial functions of perhaps a hundred major and minor urban centres. As such it is bound to be a useful reference and source book for students of municipal history and elementary urban geography. Probably Mr Freeman intended it to be no more. If so he has missed an opportunity to produce a more significant study of the huge city regions which are so dominant and dreadful a phenomenon of modern economic advance. For those concerned to understand the causes, structure and consequences of conurbation growth the best modern book is still Peter Self's *Cities in Flood.*

W. T.

A Survey of North-West Africa. Edited by NEVILL BARBOUR. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

This excellent work of reference covers the part of Africa loosely described as the Maghrib: the Kingdoms of Libya and Morocco, the Tunisian Republic and Algeria. There are also sections on Tangier, Spanish West Africa and the Spanish enclaves in Morocco, and the French Sahara. No previous reference book in English has treated this area as a whole, and Mr Nevill Barbour, a British Arabist who has made a special study of North-West Africa, is to be congratulated both on his enterprise and his erudition. Though he has had the assistance of a distinguished team of British, French, Italian and Spanish scholars, he has wisely decided to keep the basic task of writing in his own hands, rather than apportion the various territories to individual authors. As a result, the book has a unity both of treatment and of style and it is, for a work of this kind, unusually readable. Indeed, Mr Barbour does not hesitate, where this is necessary and appropriate, to record political judgments on recent events. The bibliography contains a number of important omissions, and too little space is devoted to cultural and religious affairs; but these are minor imperfections in a book which should find a place in every library.

P. J.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,527 **Set by Macskell**

Competitors are invited to compose – in the manner of Milton, Browning, Whitman, Gilbert or Eliot – the soliloquy of a party-leader during a 'Meet the People' tour of the provinces. Limit, 16 lines: Entries by June 9.

Result of No. 1,524 **Set by Allan M. Laing**

In a recent Brains Trust session, Miss Marghanita Laski mentioned a *New Yorker* rhymed mnemonic of the 49 States of North America, but she is still searching for one for the 40 counties of England. Competitors are invited to compose such a mnemonic in not more than 16 lines. Abbreviations are, of course, in order, provided they are recognisable.

Report

There was a difference of opinion on what are the English counties: Ely and the Isle of Wight certainly are not! I have not disqualified London, but it is not really one of the genuine forty (which includes the half-Welsh Monmouthshire). There were mnemonics alphabetical, geographical, industrial, dietetic and parochial, and considerable ingenuity was employed. Simia began well by listing counties in *ford, land, sex, shire, cester* and *set,* but petered out into a mere catalogue. Another promising stunt, by Wilfrid L. Miron, was to use the words 'England's Counties' as an acrostic, which, however, hardly worked out mnemonically. But the alphabetical really seemed the best way of tackling this problem. The neatest and shortest of this kind came from James S. Fidgen: prize-money to be divided between him and the others printed. Runners-up: John Welch, J. E. Cherry, Tom Naisby, Denis D. Constable and Nigel Clarke.

FORTY SHIRES ON

There's Beds, and Berks, and Bucks, and Cambs and Cheshire land of cheeses,
And Corn, and Cumb, and Derbs, and Dev, and Dorset's bracing breezes,
And Dur, and Ess, and Gloucs, and Hants and Hereford – what's more,
There's Herts and Hunts, and Kent and Lancs, and Leicester on the Soar,
And Lincs, Midd, Mon and Norf, and North – I mean both – Hants and – Humberland,
And Notts, and Ox, and Rut, and Shrops, and Somerset, the slumberland;
Next Staffs, and Suff, and Surr, and Suss, and Warwick's railway sidings;
Last: Westmorland and Wilts, and Worcs, and Yorkshire (all three Ridings).

JAMES S. FIDGEN

Lying south of sweet Northumber
Lands of Westmor, Rut and Cumber,
Nottingham for forest walks,
Durham, Derby, Lancs and Yorks,
Leicester, Warwick, Wilts ahead,
Fords of Here, Staff and Bed,
Shires of Lincoln, Shrop and Ches,
Sexes – Middle, Sus and Es!
Worcester, Gloucester, down the Severn
South to Somerset and Devon,
On to Dorset, Kent and Surrey
Passing London in a hurry.
Berkshire Thames where Oxford punts,
Herts or Bucks for Cambridge Hunts,
Hants and Northants, Norfolk, Suff,
Cornwall, Monmouth – that's enough!

DONALD MONAT

Cam and Cum and Ham and Zum,
And five to end with N:
Hun and Lan and Lin and Mon
And (to complete 'em) Ken.
Ess and Wes and Ches and Leics,
Continue Gloucs and Suss;
Bed and Buck and Mid and Dev,
And Shrop and also Worcs.
Now we mumble Sur and Dur
And Staff and Ox and Suff,
Ber and Der and Her and Her
(Two Her's are quite enough!)
Lastly, after Wilt and Nott
And Rut, to make two score:
Cor and Dor and War and Yor
And Nor and Nor and Nor!

R. A. MCKENZIE

With Berks the Bucks seek Beds in Cambs,
Cornwall or Cheshire, too, the lambs,
Cumberland and Durham even
Dorset, Derbyshire and Devon.
Essex and Gloucester play their parts
With Hereford, Hampshire, Hunts and Herts.
Kent with Leicester shares no Lincs.
Lancs don't know what Middlesex thinks.
Mon and Northumberland have no Notts.
Norfolk nor Northants Oxon wots.
Rutland is lonely, Sussex with Surrey
Of Suffolk and Salop never worry.
Somerset works without any Staffs.
Westmorland winks when Worcester laughs,
Wiltshire wilts but Warwick forks
At the largest ham sent out of Yorks.

L. G. UDALL

City Lights

Not Such Small Beer

Charley has become very much my darling in the past few years: you can see from the excitement with which the newspapers are reporting his latest escapade that he is at last established as the thoroughly respectable buccaneer he has always wished to be. But respectability has its drawbacks when you're up against Messrs Watney, Combe, Reid, Mann, Crossman and Paulin; and Mr Clore is not going to win his game at all easily. His first bid will certainly not do the trick. The market is in a mood to see even greater possibilities in undervalued brewery property than Mr Clore; brewery shares in general have shot up and Watney—for all Mr Clore's selling—have jumped far past the bid price.

He has certainly taken on a good deal. Watney Mann is one of the largest breweries in the country, with 3,670 pubs to its name; and even the present bid, for only three-quarters of the equity, involves £20m. Moreover, Mr Clore must expect the bitterest opposition from the brewers. Small breweries have been the prey of bidders for some time past, and the bigger ones have been developing their protection facilities—not always successfully, it is true: a merchant bank managed to filch a small brewery from under the noses of Whitbread and Bass only a short time ago. But the big breweries have regarded themselves as fairly safe from this sort of thing and will almost certainly rally to the support of Watney, either by buying shares in the market or by putting in a more attractive counter-bid, perhaps for only part of the capital. With any luck they will do both, and the bid will have to be correspondingly more generous. Mr Clore, of course, has plenty of Sears shares to add to his cash offer when he knows how hard the board is trying to stave him off, but he is not the man willingly to be pushed into paying more for a thing than it is worth. It will be interesting to see how far the treatment he is getting in the newspapers tempts him to put prestige before hard cash.

The saddest spectators of the whole affair are the former holders of Watney Preferred stock, who until recently held over 40 per cent. of the voting power and would have done well out of any struggle for control. A couple of weeks ago, not knowing what was in the offing, they somewhat imprudently as it turns out approved a resolution converting their stock into Second Preference with restricted voting rights.

* * *

Nobody is constantly lucky, and Messrs Warburg have discovered this week that there are snags in the business of selling British companies to America. The bid they made on behalf of the American parent company for British Timken, the ball-bearing firm, was an extremely generous one by any normal standards, but the standards of institutional investors are not normal and a faint rumble of discontent has been audible for some weeks past. This week, on the last day of the offer, it was learnt that a number of insurance companies and investment trusts, led by the Pru, had decided not to accept it.

This creates an annoying situation for Messrs Warburg. It is true that the American parent company, which held over half of the shares already, now holds over 85 per cent. and that it needs only 75 per cent. to secure acceptance of its plan for liquidating the British company. But liquidation can be an extremely slow and painful business when there are large minority shareholders about, and it would be embarrassing if the recalcitrant insurance companies were to get substantially more or less from liquidation than they could have got from the bid. So the offer is being hopefully extended and the resistance may yet collapse. It would have had a much better chance of achieving its object if the insurance companies had not waited so tamely until the last moment to make their feelings known.

* * *

Getting money out of the Germans has never been easy. A meeting this week in the Frankfurt Stock Exchange of private shareholders of the *Deutsche Goldiskontbank* shows just how difficult it can be. The bank was set up by the Reichsbank before the war: its job was to buy up at bargain prices the foreign bonds on which the German government had defaulted. In 1939 the British and American investors who had put up a good part of the Reichsbank's capital were forced to exchange it for Preference shares in the *Goldiskontbank*, the dividends on which were to be guaranteed by the Reichsbank and to be freely convertible.

Then came the war, and conveniently put a stop to dividends and it was not until 1950 that records became available on the basis of which claims could be settled. The question, however, was excluded from the 1953 debt negotiations, and the German government is now claiming that the *Goldiskontbank* did not own its bonds and that the dividend guarantee is invalid. The Americans have got a better answer to this sort of thing than a meeting at Frankfurt: the bill which is just being passed to return to Germans their American property confiscated during the war is having a few conditions tacked on to the end of it.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETING

CADBURY BROTHERS LIMITED

GROUP TURNOVER EXCEEDS £84m.

MR. L. J. CADBURY ON VAGARIES OF RAW COCOA MARKETS

The 60th annual general meeting of Cadbury Brothers Limited will be held on June 15 at Bournville, Birmingham.

The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, Mr. L. J. Cadbury, which has been circulated with the Report and Accounts:

During 1958 the vagaries of the raw cocoa market had an important effect on our trading results. Our cash turnover increased for Cadbury Brothers Ltd to just under £51 million, and for our group to over £84 million. On the other hand, making allowance for 1957 being a 53-week year Cadbury tonnage was 3 per cent. down. The divergence between the trends of cash turnover and tonnage was almost entirely due to the substantial price increases and weight reductions which we had to operate early in the year because of the high price of cocoa.

It may be remembered that with a very good cocoa crop in the 1956-57 season prices in the spring of 1957 were less than £200 a ton. This no doubt encouraged world consumption, which in 1957 reached an all-time record of nearly 900,000 tons. The 1957-58 crop was 14 per cent. down, there were fears of a shortage, and prices rose to £400, double the figure touched the year before

I am glad to say the 1958-59 crop has turned out better than expected, while the high prices caused a noticeable drop in consumption last year. Though we had to pay a high price for cocoa we bought earlier in the season just past, we ended it with prices under £300. The net result, however, was that we had to make in the spring the price adjustments already mentioned.

Increasing Competition

Demand for the industry's products was particularly buoyant in the first half of the year, but during the second half-year it generally seemed to have fallen off, a tendency that has so far continued into 1959. It is probably associated with the slight industrial recession; and also with the relaxation of hire-purchase restrictions which has diverted a certain volume of purchasing power from everyday consumer goods such as ours. The rapid extension of Hire Purchase now means we have to compete more strongly than before with washing machines, refrigerators, TV sets, etc., for public patronage.

But of greater importance for us than these developments because of our large share of the moulded chocolate market was the rise in price of raw cocoa and the consequent increase in the price of our lines.

There were no major introductions in 1958 on the home market. Its chief feature was increasing seasonality. Our sale of Christmas boxes amounted to 7,500 tons, which made a contribution of £4 million to our turnover.

Since the end of the year under review an important new line has been put on the market, 'Lucky Numbers'. It is an assortment with a number of confectionery as well as chocolate-covered units. 'Lucky Numbers' is only on sale at the moment in certain areas, but as factory capacity expands will be extended to all parts of the country.

Despite many difficulties our export trade showed a welcome increase of over 5 per cent. last year. All our overseas companies showed increases in cash sales last year and, apart from a slight fall in Canada, increases in tonnage as well. The turnover of our overseas factories reached a new record of £16½ million.

European Free Trade Area

During the year there were many discussions about the European Free Trade Area in which the United Kingdom would participate. Unfortunately by the end of the year it was clear that the idea was dead. On January 1 what is known as the Common Market of the Mid-European countries came into being. Eventually there will be a common tariff by these countries against the United Kingdom. The only means of counter-attack open to us at present is the continuance of the production and sale of our goods in Germany. This, of course, restricts us to start with to one country out of the six. It is possible in time we may be able to export to the other five countries, but the tariffs against German exports to them are only to be reduced annually by a small percentage over fifteen years.

May I turn finally to the financial results of our Group? The consolidated profit after charging UK taxation was down from £5 million to £4.2 million, which was not an unexpected result in view of the trading conditions already mentioned. With depreciation and retained profits we are, however, ploughing back into the business just under £6 million.

We have a forward programme of new buildings, plant and equipment that we revise quarterly. Some of the items, particularly where a site has to be cleared by the demolition of existing buildings and the reshuffling of plant will not be completed for three or four years. Our present forward programme for this period at home and abroad amounts to something over £15 million. Last year's results, though not quite up to those of 1957, will thus make a substantial contribution towards financing it.

The Chess Board

No. 498. Fighters and Dreamers

Most of the grandmasters, preoccupied with their mighty battles over the board, have scant time and interest for study—or problem composition, and many great composers are but indifferent players if ever they can be bothered to put up their pieces in the basic battle-order rather than in some of their very own flights of fancy. True, there are some exceptions such as Kasparyan, a very great composer who happens to be a competent master over the board; or Keres, a very great grandmaster who likes to dabble in study-composition from time to time. But there was only one who combined grandmastership over the board with equal genius for study-composition, and that was Richard Reti. He would be 70 on the very day this article goes to press, but he has been dead for nearly 30 years, and very few of us would retain some personal memories of that amiable little man, his wit and charm and his incredible absentmindedness. To younger generations he has come to be an almost legendary figure and one of the protagonists of what was then called 'hypermodern' chess. Here—White against Rubinstein at Carlsbad 1923—is one of Reti's most famous games of that period, a game in which he triumphantly upheld that 'newfangled' notion of dominating rather than occupying the centre.

(1) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (2) P-KKt3, Kt-KB3; (3) B-Kt2, P-KKt3. (4) P-B4, P-Q5; (5) P-Q3, B-Kt2; (6) P-QKt4! O-O; (7) QKt-Q2 P-B4; (8) Kt-Kt3, P x P; (9) B-Kt2, Kt-B3; (10) QKt x P, Kt x Kt; (11) B x Kt [Having bided his time it will now be for White to establish his domination of the centre]. P-Kt3; (12) P-QR3, B-Kt2; (13) B-Kt2, P x P; (14) R x P, Q-B2; (15) Q-R1! Kt-K1; (16) B x B, Kt x B, (17) O-O, Kt-K3; (18) R-Kt1, [Now the RP would no longer be taboo]. B-B3; (19) P-Q4!, B-K5; (20) R-Q1, P-QR4; (21) P-Q5, Kt-B4; (22) Kt-Q4, B x B; (23) K x B, KR-Q1; [24] Kt-B6, R-Q3; (25) R-K3, R-K1; (26) Q-K5, P-B3; (27) Q-Kt2, P-K4; [The very move Reti wished to provoke, as now the Kt's position is unassailable and all the big guns can be trained on the weak Black QKtP]; (28) Q-Kt5!, K-B2; (29) R-QKt1, Kt-Q2, (30) P-B3, R-QB1; (31) R-Q3! [Now . . . Kt-Kt1 could be countered by P-B5!]. P-K5; (32) P x P, Kt-K4; (33) Q x KtP! Kt x Kt; (34) P-B5! R-Q2; (35) P x Kt, R x R; (36) Q x Q ch, R x Q; (37) P x R, R x P; (38) R-Kt7 ch, K-K1; (39) P-Q4, R-R3, (40) R-Kt6!! [Black mustn't take as White would queen first], R-R1; (41) R x P, P-R5; (42) R-B2, P-R6; (43) R-R2, K-Q2; (44) P-Q5, P-Kt4; (45) K-B3, R-R5; (46) K-K3, P-R4; (47) P-R4, P x P; (48) P x P, K-K2; (49) K-B4, resigns.

And here's a not so well known but altogether charming game which Reti won against Duras in the Abbazia Gambit Tournament of 1912.

A: Richard Reti 1914

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-KB4, P x P; (3) Kt-KB3, P-Q4; (4) P x P, Kt-KB3; (5) P-B4, P-QB3; (6) P-Q4, P x P; (7) B x P, B-Kt5 ch; (8) Kt-B3, O-O; (9) B-Q3, R-K1 ch; (10) B-K5, B-K3; (11) P-B5!, Kt-Kt5? (Kt-B3!); (12) O-O!, B x Kt; (13) P x B, Kt-K6?; (14) B x P ch! K-R1; (15) Q-Q2!, Kt x R; (16) Q-R6, P-B3; (17) Q-R5, B-Kt5 (best); (18) Q x B, K x B; (19) R x Kt, Kt-Q2. [Everything else—such as . . . P x B; (20) Q-R 5 ch—is equally hopeless]; (20) Q-R5 ch, K-Kt1; (21) Kt-Kt5!, Kt-B1; (22) Q-B7 ch, K-R1; (23) R-B4!, resigns.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced resignation in a couple of moves. How? **B,** a draw (6 ladder-points) was Reti's last composition, a few weeks before his untimely death of scarlet fever. **C** (7 points) is one of his most famous pieces, a win for White. Usual prizes. Entries by 8 June

B: Richard Reti 1929

C: Richard Reti 1922

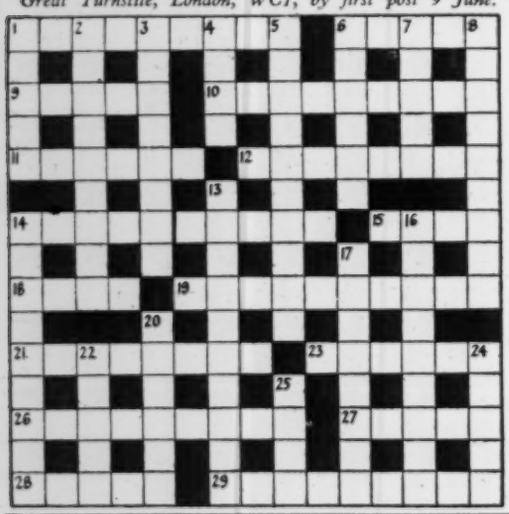
REPORT on No. 495. Set 9 May.

A: (26) QxKt!, BxQ (27) RxP, PxR; (28) RxP etc.
B: (1) K-B7, R-B2; (2) K-Q6, K-B5; (3) R-Q8!, K-Q5; (4) P-K6! PxP; (5) KxP ch etc. If (1) . . . K-B4; (2) KxP, K-Q4. (3) P-K6, R-B3!; (4) R-QR8!, RxP; (5) R-R5 ch etc. But not (4) P-K7? R-Q3 ch; (5) K-B7, R-B3 ch and draws.
C: (1) Kt-B4!, BxKt (best); (2) R-R1, B-Q1, (3) P-K4!, BxP; (4) K-Kt3, K-R2 (best); (5) K-B4, K-Kt3, (6) P-R7, P—Q; (7) P—Q, BxQ; (8) R-QKt1 ch!! etc. If (1) . . . P—Q; (2) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-R2, (3) Kt-B8 ch etc.

Not so easy a chore, many dropping a point or two over **B** and/or **C.** Only about a dozen flawless solutions. Prizes: G. Abrahams, E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, M. P. Furmston, J. R. Harman. ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 357

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 357, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 9 June.



ACROSS

1. Stars in romantic island rubbish (9).
6. Field for the expert (5).
9. Smell about the same as a sergeant (5).
10. 'So to —— a little ease' (Milton) (9).
11. 'The —— that from the soul doth rise' (Jonson) (6).
12. The most charming get a second before their brief examination (8).
14. Fashionable journeys linking King George and a French town (5, 5).
15. Not work hard for one's daily bread (4).
18. A necessity in nine editors out of ten (4).
19. Dam a spring for a Scottish town (10).
21. Criminal skills return after a moulding (8).
23. A girl's name is nothing in the name of a river (6).
26. 'I am a demd villain', he said (9).
27. Companion of apes and peacocks (5).
28. Broke in the oven (5).
29. Keeps the ship going as the Russian retreats before the entrance (9).

DOWN

1. Measure for a copper piece (5).
2. Beat or match in taste (9).
3. A strong man for a club team (8).
4. Poet composes an old Woolworth motto (4).
5. The new-look town theory is of some importance (9).
6. Brass for a young soldier (6).
7. Got up as a flower (5).
8. Somehow fill up ten in abundance (9).
13. There is nothing in the cigar box for a ceremonial occasion (10).
14. Officers who have information on confused dreams (9).
16. Drive away in public and go beyond the airfield (9).
17. Critic singing like a bird (8).
20. The partner to serve well in court (6).
22. Dance which makes the holiday colour vanish (5).
24. No word of agreement for a writer (5).
25. Place in which one can ski every winter (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 355

M	O	R	I	A	R	T	Y	■	C	A	R	P
A	■	U	■	N	■	A	■	F	P	U	■	I
R	E	F	U	T	E	S	■	A	G	R	A	F
O	■	F	■	I	■	K	N	■	I	■	F	G
O	F	L	A	G	■	S	A	T	E	L	L	I
N	■	E	■	U	■	■	A	■	■	N	■	M
■	A	D	R	A	S	T	U	S	■	C	A	S
F	■	■	N	■	E	■	I	■	H	■	■	N
L	I	M	E	S	■	L	L	A	N	E	L	L
U	■	O	■	■	E	■	■	R	A	■	G	■
S	Y	N	D	R	O	M	E	S	■	I	N	C
H	■	I	■	E	■	A	■	T	■	S	■	E
I	N	T	E	G	E	R	■	U	N	H	I	N
N	■	O	■	A	■	K	■	M	■	E	■	K
G	I	R	D	L	E	■	S	P	A	D	I	C

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 355

Mrs C. King (Isleworth)
Mrs W. Sherard (London SW20)
M. Lipworth (Elizabeth, N. Jersey)

WHERE TO STAY

ATLANTIC Coast! Ilfracombe, Devon. Heavenly sea view flat, sleep 7. Children welcome. Last-minute vacancies 30 May-13 June, 27 June-18 July. 12 gns. Reduction 12 Sept. onwards. S.a.e. Calthorpe House, Belmont Road.

SALCOMBE. The beauty spot of South Devon. Visit Grafton Towers only a few minutes walk from North or South Sands. Magnificent sea views. Excel. food. Still a few vacs all mths. Mrs. Edwards. Salcombe 282.

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HOVE High-class Food Reform Hotel, Waveney, 42 Brunswick Pl. Tel. 38474.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penralit, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

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LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

LIBERAL Policy Analysed; Engineering Profits; Unemployment Pool, etc. Labour Research 9d. (11d. pf). 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

'SMOKING—the Cancer Controversy'. Sir Ronald Fisher, ScD, FRS, Britain's senior statistician, rejects the statistical evidence relating lung cancer to smoking in this fascinating pamphlet. Price 2s. 6d. from all booksellers or direct (2s. 9d. post free) from the publishers Oliver and Boyd, Tweeddale Court, High Street, Edinburgh, 1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

OVERSEAS orders for all types of books welcomed. Poole-Bickford Trading, 22 Buckingham St, London, WC2.

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GOVERNMENT of Nyasaland. Labour Officers (between 30 and 45) required to explain to workers (predominantly African) and employees of all races the provisions of the labour legislation of Nyasaland, and to advise and help employers and workers as to the best means of jointly settling their differences. Experience of industrial relations, either as personnel officer or as Welfare Officer in an industrial concern, and Diploma or degree in Social or Public Administration or experience of Factory Welfare or qualifications as an Institute leader in Training Within Industry desirable. Post permanent and pensionable. Salary at appropriate point in scale £895 to £1,850. Outfit allowance. Where available, quarters provided at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Tour of service 36 months. Low income tax. Further particulars and application form obtainable from Director of Recruitment (Overseas Service), Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, SW1, quoting BCD.132/4/01. Closing date for receipt of initial enquiries 15 June 1959.

AUSTRALIAN National University. Research School of Pacific Studies. Applications are invited for a Fellowship and a Research Fellowship in the Department of Pacific History (Head of Department: Professor J. W. Davidson). It is desired to appoint to the Fellowship a candidate with research experience in the field of South-East Asian, and preferably Indonesian or Malayan, history. Candidates with experience in either South-East Asian or Pacific Islands history would be considered for the Research Fellowship. The salary and range of a Fellow are determined within the limits £A1,793-£2,563, and appointment is made for an initial period of five years; thereafter it may be made permanent. A Fellow is entitled to one year's study leave on full pay, plus a contribution towards travel and other expenses, in every seven years. The salary range for a Research Fellow is £A1,398-£2,113, and appointment is made for three years, with possible extension to the maximum of five years. Superannuation is on the FSSU pattern. Reasonable travel expenses are paid and assistance with housing is provided. Further particulars are available from the Registrar, Australian National University, Box 4, GPO, Canberra, Australia, or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 10 July, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Senior Lectureship in Economics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. The salary scale is £1,315 per annum, rising by three annual increments to £1,615 per annum. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London, on 20 June, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Lectureship in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. Applicants should be well qualified in the fields of educational psychology, educational and psychological tests, and statistics. Experience of teaching in primary or post-primary schools or of related activities would be an advantage. The salary scale is £1,025 per annum, rising to £1,275 by three annual increments. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London, on 20 June, 1959.

AUSTRALIA: Vacancies on the staff of the Sydney Nursery Schools Association for trained pre-school teachers. Salary to commence £600 per annum with annual increments. The Association could assist with passage and arrange accommodation. Apply by letter to Miss Helen Foord, 36 Bedford Way, London, WC1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Russian Programme Organiser (British subject). Successful candidate would be required to organise and edit programmes in the Russian language and to supervise and work with a varied staff. Essential qualifications; knowledge of Soviet and international affairs; judgment and experience necessary for selecting and editing a wide range of political commentaries and other programmes interpreting Britain and the West to a Soviet Russian audience. Working knowledge of Russian language desirable. Salary in scale ranging from £1,380 to £1,930, entry point to be determined by qualifications of selected candidate. Salary outside this scale considered if qualifications outstanding. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1134 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires General Programme Producer in Norwich. Successful candidate will assist East Anglian Representative in programme production in a wide range of topical programmes. He will be expected to contribute ideas, brief interviewers, organise facilities, rehearse speakers and edit and introduce programmes on the air. Duties call for a good microphone voice, wide interests, and capacity to judge topicality requirements. Experience in interviewing, knowledge of East Anglia and keen interest in its people and affairs would all be advantages. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1133 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Talks Producer in Birmingham. Duties include arrangement and production of broadcast talks and discussions on wide range of subjects both on Sound and possibly later on Television. Qualifications: informed interest in current, social, political and cultural trends. Good standard of education essential preferably to University degree standard. Preference to candidates with personal knowledge of the Midlands of England and its special characteristics. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1129 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers invited to apply for appointment as Assistant Organisers of Children's Care work in Public Health Department, involving organisation of treatment in School Health Service, attendance at school clinics and hospital out-patient departments and social work arising. Close co-operation with voluntary care committee workers an essential feature, and position carries some responsibility for recruitment, training and advising of these workers. Opportunities for suitable candidates to take part in case work with problem families. For such candidates, experience in family case work essential. All candidates should have had experience in practical social work, preferably with relevant social science training; £592 10s. (at age 24) to £792 10s.; commencing according to qualifications and experience. Application form and details from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1144), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 8 June, 1959.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Write Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Housing Research Team. Sociologist. Applications are invited for the post of Sociologist in this team. The work involved is partly survey of existing housing conditions in typical urban and rural areas, and partly assistance with the design of new experimental housing projects. The post is for five years in the first instance. Salary £1,100 per annum. Superannuation can bearranged. Applications should be lodged with the Secretary to the University, University of Edinburgh, Old College, South Bridge, Edinburgh, not later than 13 June, 1959.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Junior Research Officer in the Social Science Department. The appointment will be for three years from a date to be arranged but not later than 1 October 1959. Subject to satisfactory qualifications and experience, the salary will be £700 × £50 to £800 per annum. The appointment is in connection with an enquiry into family life and kinship in the Swansea area and will have special reference to the position of old people. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications (five copies) must be received by Monday, 15 June, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Applications are invited for the post of temporary Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Economic History from 1 October 1959 to 30 September 1960. Salary scales: Assistant Lecturer £700-850, Lecturer £900-1,350. Applications (two copies), with the names of three referees, should be sent, not later than 9 June, 1959, to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further partics obtainable.

WEST Sussex County Education Committee. St Cuthman's School, near Midhurst. Resident Headmaster or Headmistress required for this mixed residential school for 90-100 educationally sub-normal children. The salary is in accordance with Burnham Group 3 (S) with residential emoluments. A special qualification for this work would be an advantage. There are also vacancies for a senior and an assistant mistress on the staff for which the wives of suitable candidates could be considered. Application form, returnable by 8 June, from Director of Education, County Hall, Chichester. C. W. W. Read, Director of Education.

SALOP County Council. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work as a member of the Authority's Child Guidance Team. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Scale £610 to £845. Travelling and subsistence. Forms of application and conditions of service from County Medical Officer, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Statistical Clerk (Clerical I) reqd initially for newly formed Social Research Unit at Brunel College of Technology, Woodlands Avenue, Acton, W3. Should be either university graduates or have worked for at least one year as statistical assistants under professional direction. Appointment is for 3 years. Salary: (male) £595-670, (female) £561-634, plus London Weighting according to age. Prescribed conditions. Full partics and 2 refs to Principal above address. (Quote Z.622, NS & N.)

PSYCHIATRIC Social Workers (2 posts) required at Crichton Royal Mental Hospital, Dumfries. Opportunities for considerable freedom in methods of work in the Hospital and in the community, for choice of special interests, and for research if desired. One appointment could be part-time in newly opened comprehensive Area Geriatric Service. Progressive Hospital, high admission/discharge rate. Emphasis on teamwork. Accommodation available. Applications within 3 weeks of this advertisement to Physician Superintendent, or write for details.

THE MULLARD RADIO VALVE CO. LTD
MITCHAM JUNCTION, SURREY
SENIOR PRIVATE SECRETARY

required for the Technical Director of the Mullard Group of Companies.

The work, which is of a confidential nature, is interesting and varied. The successful applicant must be capable of doing precis abstracts, deal with financial and planning information and be capable of working on her own initiative. This is a new appointment which is likely to be of interest to an Arts Graduate who has had several years' experience in industry or commerce. Some knowledge of technical terms would be an advantage and competent shorthand typing is essential. This is a Senior appointment carrying superannuation rights. Annual holidays already booked will be honoured.

Applications are invited from young women over the age of 25 who are prepared to work from 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Monday to Friday, but are willing to adjust their hours of work to meet the flexible needs of this new appointment.

Please apply in writing giving fullest details to

MISS M. B. LITTLE,
SENIOR WOMEN'S PERSONNEL OFFICER,
THE MULLARD RADIO VALVE CO LTD.,
NEW ROAD, MITCHAM JUNCTION, SURREY.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TRAINED and Experienced Child Care Officers required to work from Area Offices at Weston-Super-Mare and Midsomer Norton (near Bath). Degree or Diploma in Social Science essential, Home Office Child Care Certificate an advantage. One post may commence on APT II, otherwise salary within APT I (Minimum for Home Office Certificate £700). Write for further particulars to Children's Officer, County Hall, Taunton.

FAMILY Caseworkers needed by the Family Welfare Association with opportunity to work in an atmosphere of freedom and to explore new methods and techniques for social diagnosis and treatment. Salary according to experience which must include casework practice and a University qualification. Superannuation Scheme, 4 weeks' holiday p.a. and generous sick leave. Apply in writing to the Organising Secretary, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

HAMPSHIRE. Resident Supervisor (Woman) required at Red Hatch Girls' Remand Home, Winchester. Experience in group work and ability to teach handicrafts desirable. Interest in delinquent adolescent girls essential. Salary: £500-£580 p.a., less £116 p.a. for board and lodging (commencing salary according to experience). Application forms from the County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

AN ADDITIONAL Assistant Warden is required at the Hungerford Hostel (rehabilitation) for men and women. Male aged 20-25 approx. or female not under 35. Resident or Non-res. Interest in social work essential. Write, stating age, experience, present position and when available, to Dr Donald O. Soper, Kingsway Hall, WC2.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Workers (2), full-time, or part-time workers considered, required for this interesting and expanding Service. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Enquiries to Medical Director, Hertfordshire Child Guidance Service, Hill End, St Albans, Herts.

INDEPENDENT School for 38 maladjusted boys and girls, aged about 8-15, requires in September certificated teacher (man or woman) for general subjects. Individual methods. Natural history, el. science and French an advantage but not essential if otherwise suitable. Southern counties, 2 hours London. Residential if unmarried. Salary based on Burnham.—Personal details requested with first letter. Box 8719.

LONDON County Council. Experienced Social Workers, preferably with Social Science qualification reqd for permanent appointment as Assistant Local Organisers under Mental Deficiency Acts. Duties incl. visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in the community. £592 10s.-£792 10s., commencing accdg to quals and expce. Commenc. salary for persons under 24 is abatable. Apply Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1113), County Hall, SE1. Forms rtnble. by 15 June.

ESSEX. Child Psychotherapist required at Harlow Child Guidance Clinic, five sessions a week. Fee £2 12s. 6d. a session, plus travelling expenses from home to clinic. Further particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

FOUNTAIN Group Hospital Management Committee, Fountain Hospital School for Severely Sub-Normal Children. If you think you have the necessary qualities which would enable you to teach young backward children and wish to be considered for this rewarding work, please apply to the Group Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting, SW17, giving details of age, experience and the names and addresses of two referees.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council has vacancy for competent shorthand typist. Interesting work in small friendly office. Hours 9-5, no Sats. £9 p.w. Applications to Office Secretary, NMGC, 78 Duke St, W1.

THE Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, near Witney, Oxfordshire (special school for maladjusted children fully recognised by the Ministry of Education) requires a teacher (single man) for treatment team. Extremely interesting although exacting work. Sal. Burnham Scale for special schools, plus board & lodging in retn for limited extraneous duties. Apply by letter to Principal, giving full details.

THE Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, nr Witney (special school for maladjusted children fully recognised by the Ministry of Education) requires a living-in Domestic Supervisor for September, who would work as one of the treatment team and would be in charge of all the domestic side of the school. Apply to The Principal.

THE Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, nr Witney (special school for maladjusted children fully recognised by the Ministry of Education) requires two girls for child care, domestic work and some weekend cooking. Valuable opportunity for girls wishing to work with maladjusted children. Good outside accommodation. Apply to The Principal.

WEST End Art Gallery requires young lady as receptionist. Please state salary required. Box 8794.

MANAGER/Translator wanted for technical translating office (German into English only) to take charge of admin. Perfect English, good knowledge German and engineering essential. Give age, experience and salary required to Box 8567.

More Appointments Vacant on page 774

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. from p.773

CO-OPERATIVE College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics. Principal: R. L. Marshall, OBE, MA. This College for residential courses for adults in Management, Secretaryship and Social Studies requires a tutor to teach within the range of Economics, Social Economics and Economics of Business Organisation and to be responsible immediately or in due course for some subject of special Co-operative interest. The post will also include some responsibility for correspondence courses and summer schools outside the College. The tutor will also be expected to undertake research in a Co-operative field for which facilities will be provided and for which any necessary adjustment of teaching duties will be made. Salary based on Burnham Technical Scale (for graduates) Grade 'A' or 'B' i.e. a basic of £550 plus £25 to £975 or £725 plus £25 to £1,100 (plus 5% addition to scale); scale and commencing salary in accordance with experience and qualifications. Accommodation may be available if required. Application forms, obtainable from the College, must be returned not later than 10 June, 1959.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Psychotherapist (part-time) reqd. initially at Willesden Child Guidance Centre for one session p. wk., morning or afternoon on Tuesdays. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised training &/or equiv. exper. in Child Psychotherapy. Salary £2 10s. p. session. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Gt. George St., SW1, returnable by 20 June (Quote Z673, NS&N).

BOROUGH of Beddington and Wallington. Senior Library Assistant. Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians (male or female) for the above appointment in the Public Library. Salary on APT I (£610-£765), plus London Weighting. Applications, on forms obtainable from the undersigned, to be returned not later than Saturday, 20 June, 1959. A. B. Bateman, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Wallington, Surrey.

BIOLOGY or General Science Master to help with crafts and/or games, wanted September by independent recognised co-educational boarding school with own farm, near sea in lovely country. Married couple considered if wife can teach. Apply by letter with curriculum vitæ and testimonials, to Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Bridport, Dorset. (Burnham scale, Govt superan.)

TUTORS wanted, male, between 25 & 40, to teach English to Summer Course, 20 July until 1 Sept. Degrees & experience essential; £7 a week, resident. Write for details and application form, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

TWO Male Tutors required, July/Aug., preferably graduates in Modern Languages or English, teaching experience, for Country House Party entertaining foreign students. Pleasant holiday post in well-staffed modernised Manor House near Colchester. Full particulars to Box 8823.

EDUCATED woman, genuine book-lover, required for interesting post in Students' Library. Age 25/45. Must be able to type. Knowledge of Braille or willingness to learn essential. Languages or science an advantage. Good salary. Pension Scheme. Luncheon vouchers. Write full particulars to Staff Secretary, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland St, W1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Assistant General Manager of the Workers Travel Association Ltd (Registered under the Industrial & Provident Societies Acts 1893-1928). Applicants should have knowledge of British and Foreign Travel, general administration, Committee work and kindred Associations and voluntary Movements. Commencing salary £1,800 per annum. Membership of a Trade Union and of the Association's Pension Scheme is a condition of employment. The existing staff of the WTA are eligible to apply. Application form from the Secretary, WTA, Eccleston Court, Gillingham Street, SW1.

THE Commonwealth of World Citizens requires capable young man or woman as Secretary for its World Office in London. Commercial training and knowledge of languages an asset. Please write, giving details of age, education, etc., to The Prime Minister, Commonwealth of World Citizens, Queen's Hall, Dudley, Worcs.

PUBLISHING. Publicity assistant for major book publishers. Shorthand, accurate typewriting essential. Box 8834.

PART-time assistant for publisher's office. Accurate typing, proof reading. 20 hours weekly. REG. 3193.

YOUNG or middle-aged lady (London) required to take charge of small educational book company as part-time job. Must be reliable, efficient, hardworking. Proprietor going to live abroad. Box 8745.

STELLA Fisher Bureau requires temporary typist. Please call 436 Strand, WC2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn). TEM. 6644.

DOES she exist? Lonely woman, fortyish, to give and receive affection in widower's family. East Anglia. Box 8874.

COOK-housewerker – no rough – greatly needed, take charge authoress's small Chelsea house. Good home & leisure to kind, competent, faithful person. £5 wk. Box 8811.

EDITORIAL secretary required for architectural magazine. French essential and some German an advantage. Box 8763.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted in September, young woman teacher for a small group of children aged 7 to 9 years. The post is one of particular value to someone interested in the education of intelligent, emotionally disturbed children. The post could be resident or non-resident. Salary Burnham Scale less £120 for board resident. Usual School holidays. Apply Miss L. M. Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

NEWS Dictation Typists urgently required by BBC. Minimum typing speed from dictation of 45 w.p.m. and genuine interest in current affairs essential. Shift hours involving occasional night duty. Starting salary £8 14s. p.w. increasing to £9 7s. when fully trained. Annual increments to roof of £10 13s. p.w. Pension scheme, canteen and club facilities, etc. Write to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, marking applications SC.1072 N.Stm.

PERSONAL Secretary 22/35 for theatrical agents, W1. Educated, personable and good speeds. Salary £11/£15. Portman Bureau 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

TERRIBLY efficient typist to work on own, W1, part-time. Congenial cultural-type work. Hopes high, wages low (£5). Box 8868.

SHORTHAND typist wanted for interesting work on national daily newspaper. Apply Box 8836.

EDUCATED Women with good shorthand and typing for interesting temporary positions, some with exceptionally short hours. Salaries are excellent. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2. CHA. 8217.

SYBIL Topham of Duttons (Agy) would like to interview competent secretaries, shorthand-typists and copy-typists for a nice selection of interesting jobs. 92 Gt Russell Street, London, WC1. Tel. MUS. 7379.

TEMPORARY jobs. Competent Sh./hand & Copy/typists wanted, weeks, months. Telephone Miss Topham of Duttons Agency, 92 Gt Russell St, London, WC1. MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man with head on shoulders, exp. Publicity, Editorial Writing & Research, possessing initiative, able accept responsibility, wishes meet next employer. Box 8418.

VERSATILE young woman grad., varied experience inc. publicity, wide knowledge the arts, likes meeting people, writing, seeks congenial work, pref. with book trade/picture gallery/sim. Part-time consid. Box 8777.

LADY (28), exp. social worker, organiser, French, typ., sks pt-time post. Box 8774.

EXPERIENCED secretary (12 years publishing) seeks temp. post June-Sept., sim. field preferred but not essential. Box 8729.

HOUSEKEEPER seeking situation, well educated, middle-aged, experienced in catering and staff control. Highest standards and references. Car driver. Box 8771.

PROGRESSIVE nursery school teacher (also interested family casework) seeks post in London. Suggestions welcomed. Box 8831.

VERBATIM shorthand-writers. Duplicatg. typg. transltg. Mabel Eyles (ENT. 3324).

SCHOLARSHIPS

RESEARCH Scholarship. A scholarship to the value of £500 tenable at the Co-operative College, a residential college for adults, in the session beginning October 1959, is to be awarded to a student qualified to carry out research work related to the development of the Co-operative Movement. Research may be addressed either to the economic activities of the Movement, or to its social significance. Information concerning the Co-operative College and the main regulations and conditions governing the award of the scholarship, is available in the College Prospectus, a copy of which may be obtained on application to the College Administrative Officer. Application forms are to be returned by 22 June 1959.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

FOR flat-sharing try Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W.1. MUSeum 0512.

YOUTH House International Community invites applications for residence from persons between 18 and 35. Single rooms only. Write to Sec., 250 Camden Rd, NW1.

YOUNG man willing share maisonette. Studio, 2 bedrooms, kit./din., bath. Off Belgravia, part furn., part decorated. Ideal student music/theatre. Any nationality welcome. £45 qtr. or £3 10s. p.w. Box 8890.

SELF-contained furn. flat, suit 3, 5 gns. Tel. FINchley 7965.

FURN. flat, livingrm, bedrm, kit/dinette. Sidcup. 25 mins Charing X/City. 85s. per wk in advance including c.h.w. in bthrm & elec. light. FOO. 2561, after 6.30 p.m.

PUTNEY. One attractive furn. divan-room to let, share kit. and bathroom. Suit business girl, 55s. p.w. PUT. 3395.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

COMF. furn. sngle bedsit, prof. man's priv. Bayswater flat, c.h.w. basin, gd ckg facs; ample cupbds, ltg, bed lin., cleaning, use bthrm. Cen. transport. BAY. 1439.

UNIVERSITY lecturer offers 2 small furnished bed-sitting rooms in her flat. Rent 2½ gns. p.w. Bloomsbury district. Box 8825.

HAMPSTEAD, Overlkg Heath. B/s., k'tte, sparsely furn. Suit wom grad. 11 gns. mth. 47 Hampstead Way, NW11. SPE 3313.

ATTRACTIVE well-furn. flat suit 1 or 2 bus. people. 4 gns. MOU. 3676.

REGENT'S Park. Bachelor apartment, sitting room, bedroom in gentleman's flat. 5 gns. per week including breakfast. Box 8717.

HAMPSTEAD. Large bed-sitting room, cent. htg, tel., service. MAI. 3440.

LGE pleas. b/s. plus small annexe. Share kit., c.h.w. No restrns, congenial. 2 mins Finchley Rd tube. Rent mod. KIL. 0728.

BEDSIT. rm & brkfst 63s. nr Hamp. Hth. Buses/tube. Stud/bus. man. Box 8829.

W2. Furn. basement flat, 2 rooms, kit., use of bath. Rent 6 gns. BAY. 8613.

LGE pleas. divan sit.-rm 8 mins E. Finchley tube. Ckg facs. Mod. gas fire. Baths, linen, etc. 45s. p.w. TUD. 0423.

ST John's Wood. B/s., woman tenant. 30s. p.w. & 2-3 nights sitting in. MAI. 9929.

SELF-contained 3-bedroomed furnished flat North Finchley, 7 mins Woodside Park Tube, 7 guineas p.w. Apply Tabis Ltd, 15 Donnington Road, Kenton, Middlesex.

LADIES' Accom. Newly dec. & comfortably furn. double & single rooms in quiet road nr Henly's Corner, N3. From £3 to £4. Separate cooking facs. Phone FINchley 4664.

SUB-let 2 rm furn. flat 15 June-26 July. Parl. Hill Flds. 90s. p.w. Box 8414.

BRIGHT sunny room with breakfast. Conv. City/W. End. 3 gns. VAN. 5478.

CHILDREN welcome! Furn. garden flat, Hampstead, 7 gns. SWI. 4809 morns.

GRADUATES, to share roomy furn. s/c. flat, gdn. Reas. Chapman, SWI. 3721.

NEWLY dec. comf. large bedsit. rm. Own ckg facs, all amenities. TUD. 2623.

SMALL, comf. room to let in quiet and attractive flat. Use of bathroom & kitchen. MOU. 1246 after 8 p.m.

FLATLET, s/c. bed-sitting, kitchen-dining room, private, quiet house Hampstead Garden Suburb. SPE. 7684.

BICKLEY, Kent, 25 mins Victoria or Holborn. Attractive b/s-room in charming detached house, ckg facs, gas fire, c.h.w., use of bathroom, telephone, large garden. 2½ gns. Quiet professional household. Box 8865.

OXFORD 5 m. Modernised furn. cottage 25 July-30 September. 8 gns. Box 8848.

SUSSEX village, main London line. Furn. flat (4) vacant Sept./Mar. Grandison, Etchingham, Sx.

SEAFORD. Well-equipped modern house 31 July – 5 Sept. Sea 150 yds. Ideal for children. Sleep 8. Daily help. Box 8496.

TO let furnished. Summer months. Attractive flat in beautiful rural setting Salisbury Plain area. Particulars on application Box 8718 or 'phone Cholderton 226.

NORFOLK coast, delightfully rural position, private beach, nr broads, recommended furn. accommodations four and eight persons. August booked. 89 King St, Norwich.

SEMI-modernised 4-roomed cottage on Shropshire Hills, 7 miles Ludlow, superb view, to let furn., 4 gns., summer months or longer. Inquire: Cambridge 2939.

TO let furn. nr sea, Mill House, El. cooker, bath, w.c. S.a.e. Moore, 3 Cross O'Cliff Hill, Lincoln.

CORNWALL, Polruan. Furn. flat, sleep 3. Magnificent view Fowey Harbour. Perm. or period, from 5 Sept. onwards. Box 8780.

CORNISH Cottage, isolated bet. sea & farm, furn. 4 rms & bthrm, Calor, tel., pos. elec., deliveries. 1 yr min. £2 wk. Box 8824.

UNSPOILT S. Cornish coast, now at loveliest. All-electric cottage, sleeps 5, by harbour. 12 gns. weekly in June, and from 12 September. Bateman, 23 West Street, Polruan by Fowey.

BEAUTIFUL S. Devon cove. Priv. site 4-berth caravan. From now. CHI. 1286.

GOWER Coast. Little white cottage to let, all-electric, modern bathroom, sleep two and a half. 4-8 gns. p.w. Box 8533.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

WRITER and wife seek rented unfurn. roomy old house, long let, 5 largish rooms, 80 mins London, not commuter district, quiet essen., excell. refs. Box 8744.

PROF. lady requires permanent divan-room, flatlet, reasonable rent; Golders Green, Bloomsbury. Box 8877.

SECRETARY (25) to concert artiste reqs room 28 June-2 Aug. & permanently from 30 Aug. SW7 area. Willing to share. Highest refs exchanged. Write full detls Box 8847.

UNIV. lecturer needs s/cont. flat. T. W., 31 Golborne Gds, W10. LAD. 4356.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

UNIV. Lecturer about to marry sks inexpens. s/c unf. flat W. London. Box 8872.

YOUNG prof. painter and wife need studio self-cont. flat. UPLands 6705.

YOUNG woman with baby req. accom. in London. Any offers considered. Box 8416.

ELDERLY uncle requires room with board, 50 miles London. Interests mainly writing. Veg. diet. Suggestions to Box 8743.

WIDOW, daughter 15 Grammar School, son 18 home University vacations, needs unf. accom. Lond. area. Reas. rent. Box 8713.

SMALL furnished flat required London area mid-June for short period during summer. Box 8888.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SHEPPERTON, on Thames island with ferry; bungalow, 4 beds., mains, garage on mainland, deep mooring. £2,950. 'Phone Chalfont St Giles 263.

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You and your family will enjoy the informal atmosphere of a House Party of professional people. Our House Parties are held in attractive country houses by the sea in Britain (Cornwall, Norfolk, Sussex), at Kitzbuehel in the Austrian Tyrol, Lenk in the Bernese Oberland, Cattolica on the Italian Riviera and near Stockholm in Sweden.

House Parties are equally suitable for young people going on their own and for families who enjoy special reductions. There is opportunity for foreign language practice and child supervision is available.

Costs from 8½ gns. per week in Britain 27½ gns. 2 weeks abroad.

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PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

THE International Holiday School, Granada, for Spanish language, art, music, drama, Flamenco. Any period from 15 June to 25 August. Get details: Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

EDINBURGH. Club facs. facing Castle: International House, 127 Princes Street.

ANTI-Nuclear Tour Scandinavia, few seats. 11 July, 3 weeks 40 gns. S.a.e. Box 8837.

PS. Harold Ingham has now received more bookings than in the whole of 1958 and his parties are filling up rapidly. However, there are still vacancies in some attractive early parties, for example, the Art & Architecture party to Barcelona leaving London on 19 July with air travel one way, rail the other way, at 35 gns inclusive for 16 days and the Spanish Language Course in Palma de Mallorca on 11 July at 45 gns inclusive for 25 days. Programme from Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Rd, Harrow.

PPS. Two places to spare in Music Party to Vienna Festival & Salzburg, 14 June, 14 days, 42 gns inclg tickets for performances.

FOOD AND DRINK

APFELSTRUDEL (also pastry), rum baba, dobos, french pastries, paklava, birthday & wedding cakes – reasonable prices at Pittas patisserie, 3 Percy St, nr Tott. Ct. Rd.

ROYAL Jelly, so much in the news, is the fabulous milk of the Queen Bee. Recommended as a first-class Tonic Food when packed in Clover Honey. A 21-day course costs 42s. from Nectarene Royal Jelly Products. The Honey Farm, Aberayron 4, Cards.

AT no charge. Get the fascinating free booklet that tells the tales of El Cid the Conqueror (Namesake of that superb Spanish sherry – El Cid Amontillado). Just write Rutherford, Osborne & Perkin Ltd, 28 Monument Street, London, EC3.

ROYAL Jelly, 'Apiderm', world famous preparation, for greater energy and vitality. Complete course 24 drinking phials 102s. 6d., Box 12 phials 57s. 6d., post free from Ernest Lindsay Ltd, Finsbury Court, 117 Finsbury Pavement, London, EC2.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

MONTESSORI INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMA COURSES IN CHILD DEVELOPMENT AND EDUCATION.

LONDON—Evenings, 0-6 years, October 1959—July 1960.

LONDON—Evenings, 6-17 years, October 1959—July 1960.

EDINBURGH—Weekends October 1959—April 1960.

MANCHESTER—Weekends October 1959—April 1960.

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Details from: The Maria Montessori Training Organisation, 1 Park Crescent, London, W1. Tel. MUSeum 7425.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

YUGOSLAVIA Study Tour, 23 Aug.-6 Sept. Carinthia, Summer School in German, 28 July-12 Aug. Details: J. Galleymore, MA, College of Technology, Portsmouth.

SEVEN-Day Courses in Dramatic Art. Professional stage staff. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Chanticleer Theatre, London: Starting 5, 26 July, 2, 9 Aug. Eve. course 17 Aug. £8 8s. & £5 5s. Syllabus from Director: Marian Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, SW19.

HOLIDAYS with a Purpose. Combine a leisurely holiday with learning something new. You will find many interesting suggestions for Language, Painting, Sketching, Sightseeing, Cooking and Sporting Holidays in our leaflet 'Holidays with a Purpose'. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 6911 & 8881.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept, 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

ENGAGEMENT

OGOT—Joseph. The engagement is announced between Bethwell Allan Ogot, studying at St Andrews, Scotland, and eldest son of Paul Opiche of Gem, Kenya, and Sister Grace Emily Joseph of Maseno, and younger daughter of Joseph Nyanduga of Asembo, Kenya.

PERSONAL

THE CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR WAR ON WANT

200,000 Algerian refugees are adrift in rocky sands. Mostly they are old people and children. Without enough food many will die. Tents exist for only 400 sick. The Sorocco is blowing. Rags are falling away leaving no coverage. Blankets are rare. In the name of pity please send us help. Not one penny is deducted for expenses. Every penny goes direct. Please send your gift, large or small, to The Treasurer, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, MP, 9 Madeley Road, Ealing, W5.

DYING CHILDREN PLEAD FOR HELP

FRENCH boy 16 wishes spend July holiday as p.g. with family, country/sea. Write 19 Makepeace Avenue, N6.

SELF-contained penthouse balcony flat, Kensington. Middle-aged couple (artists) with excellent but ageing domestic staff in their London house and Surrey cottage seek additional part-time help, chiefly cooking and gardening in return offer to adaptable congenial man or woman for 10 days' work per mth, £10 salary & the above flat. Box 8800.

SOC. student urg. requires £100. Would welcome suggestions as to how to earn it during July and August. Box 8714.

GERMAN boy (17) seeks holiday exchange. Zuschlag, 33 Topstreet Way, Harpenden.

HELP for retarded child, 10 years, required 13 to 29 July. MEA. 3536.

2 Cambridge undergrads must earn cash to pay college bill. Will do anything, mid. June-end of August. Box 8594.

RUSSIAN-speaking girl sought by Anglo-French family with daughter 13 studying Russian, to stay three weeks country house Kent, July or August. English or French conversation exchange. Box 8606.

PLEASANT room for young girl student to live en famille available. Box 8725.

GIRL student, fluent French, German, sks post July-Aug. England, abroad. Expd mother's help, houseworker. Refs. Box 8814.

ACTORS (amateur) required for Shakespeare and 16th C. drama. Well est. group, prof. director, C. London. High standard. Details Box NS 228, LPE, Romano House, 399/401 Strand, London, WC2.

PROF. couple require South Coast seaside cottage 5-19 Sept. Mod. con. essential. Box 8755.

GRADUATE, m., 43, seeks holiday companion (m.) 25 July-9 August. Home/abroad. Box 8751.

FRENCH. Yng man 23, reqs conversation exch. w. French man or wom. Box 8707.

2 girl students from a Teachers' College in Denmark wd like job in England from 15 June to 15 Aug. to learn English. Willing do housework, nursing, &c. Box 8273.

YOUNG man employed television sks part-time work. Anything stimulating considered. Gd knowl. films, theatre. Box 8843.

2 seats available in Sunbeam going Munich 27 Aug.–12 Sept. Box 8727.

OPPORTUNITY for English children to spend holiday with group of French children in woodland property, Chilterns. Apply Town & Country Schools, 38/40 Eton Avenue, London, NW3. SWI. 3391.

GOODWILL? Engl. teaching farn. giving secure home disturbed, maltreated half-negro child 7. Write offers financial, legal help, toys, holiday exs. BM/PNTY, London, WC1.

NO money—unless parents successful entertainments field, but happy home offered motherly type willing take charge family while parents away. Box 8778.

DESTINY of Man: 19-22 June at Bexiers, Ipsden, Oxon; 26 June Basic Symbols—Mother & Child'. Send p.c. for full list.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

PERSONAL—continued

THE Oxford and Cambridge Musical Club need premises central London for housing library and if possible occasional chamber concerts. Might share with another club. Write Hon. Sec., 33 Blandford Road, W4.

WANTED for mth of June, mother's help or 'au pair' girl. Help with 2 children on holiday seaside cottage. Som. TUD. 5377.

YOUNG Polish girl avail. for 6 months August to live in Engl. family to perfect knowl. Engl. Fully comp. household duties, care babies. Usual terms. Box 8494.

DUTCH English-master offers unusual holiday for 2 or 3 persons in lovely Bloemendaal near Haarlem; seeing Holland in his own car. R. Hinloopen, Iepenlaan 94, Bloemendaal, Holland.

ENGLISH Barrister now practising in Alberta, Canada, requires assistant with view to partnership. Excellent prospects. Write Bernstein, Lawyer, Red Deer, Alberta, Canada.

PROF. writer, honours grad., can take more literary assistance work. History, economics, sociology, technical. Rewriting and preparation for publn. Confidential. Box 8775.

EXHIBITION and Auction of Paintings, Prints, Jewellery, Pottery, etc. Open from 3 p.m. Sunday 31 May at 78 Regents Park Rd, NW1. Music. Refreshments. The Auction will be opened at 7.30 p.m. by Alan Bush. Arranged by Communist Party Artists Group.

WEEK of House-Partying with international set in converted Suffolk coaching Inn. Dances, Socials, 7 tennis courts, club-house, liberal arts discussion circles. Youthful in spirit only need apply. Weekly from 14 June. £10 inc. Half Moon House, Clare, Suffolk.

ST IVES, Cornwall. Accommodation in artist's attractive old house overlooking harbour. Large, secluded garden. Box 8832.

FOREST School Camps have vacancies for girls aged 8 to 10 during August. Apply to David Barke, Ankerdine, Ambleside Road, Lightwater, Surrey.

GRAND Union Canal—charter a fourberth self-drive motor cruiser from £18 per week. No previous experience necessary. The Canal Basin, Aylesbury, Bucks. 'Phone Aylesbury 2209. The Aylesbury Boat Co. Ltd.

NICE French Riviera. Balcony-bedroom to let nr sea front. Suits couple or sgle, b. & b., use bathrm, Engl. spoken. 15s. p.p.p. day. Flat-owner has car for eventual sightseeing. Gautier, 3 Avenue Californie, Nice.

A GIFT – complete Mobile Film Unit, comprising 3-year-old fitted Bedford Dormobile, 3 projectors and speakers, screens transformers, etc., etc. £650 o.n.o. To view by appointment contact London Co-operative Society, Education Dept, 13 Soho Sq, W1.

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SHORT Stories for juvenile annuals required. For girls aged 9-13 years, MSS up to 2,500 words. For boys aged 9-13 years, MSS up to 3,000 words. Associated Newspapers Ltd, 163 Queen Victoria St, EC4.

IMPECUNIOUS But Aesthetic? Please send for catalogue: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Good inexpensive antiques.

FOR mothers with daughters aged 5–12. If you are interested in true economy but also like the children to be individually dressed, why not buy a 'Sew-Easy' pack. These dresses are designed by experts and come completely cut out and overlocked. A few simple seams are all that is necessary. Prices from 12s. 6d. Write for Free Illustrated Leaflet to: Sew-Easy Limited (Dept NS), 551a High Road, Tottenham, N17.

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PERSONAL—continued

ENERGETIC couple, both teachers early 40's, seek holiday work end July beginning Sept., or reasonable part thereof, home/abroad. Expenses & honorarium. Box 8850.

SELLING Romany caravan in Sussex; dec., roadworthy, furn. £175. CUN. 0093.

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AUGUST, seaside holidays for children, 6-14 years, 5 gns. weekly. Merland House, 130 Dorset Road, Bexhill.

IF you need a photograph for article, concert or personal reasons in a hurry, ring MAI. 3200 early and I may be able to give you an appointment the same day. Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gdns, NW8.

QUESTORS Theatre, Mattock Lane, Ealing, has presented ten premières since 1955. We encourage new plays and experimental methods of production. New members welcome (active or passive). Next prod.: English première of 'The Scythe and the Sunset' (Denis Johnston). Membership details: EAL. 5184.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

ALEXANDER Technique, Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

CONTINENT, girls domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) requiring free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help, (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. & offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

EXPERIENCED Journalist writes speeches, journals, articles, books. Box 8524.

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SHORT Story Writing. Personal tuition until successful by world's leading authors. Details free. Premier School of Journalism Ltd, Dept ST.1, 53 Fleet St, London, EC4.

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DAVIES Investments Limited, Bankers, still offer 7½% on sums £20 to £500 (withdrawal on demand) with extra ½% on each £500 unit – details from Investment Dept N, Davies Investments Ltd, Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, WC2.

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DEANER Printers, Ltd, for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets & all Commercial Stationery, etc. 49 Hackney Rd, E2, SHOreditch 3889/6040.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent, also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Setogni, WEL. 6655 for details.

HOMOSEXUALITY calls for understanding, not persecution. If you think that the law should be changed, write to: – The Homosexual Law Reform Society, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply: Dept 104, TV Writing School, 7 Harley St, London W1.

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THE ROYAL BALLET

2 & 6 June at 7.30	Ondine
5 June at 7.30	The Shadow, Symphonic Variations, Daphnis & Chloë
6 June at 2.15	Les Sylphides, The Firebird, The Lady and the Fool

COV. 1066

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Until 6 June

BALLET RAMBERT

Evenings 7.30, Mats Sats 2.30

A NEW PLAY-IN-MUSIC
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Comedy by David Holbrook
Music by Wilfrid Mellers
With children from the
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Tkts 21s., 17s. 6d., 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., available from the Box Office, Scala Theatre, Charlotte Street, W1.

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(3) 20 June, at 2.30 p.m. (Matinee), St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd., NW1.
(4) 24 June, at 8 p.m., Classical, Light and Folk Songs, by Begum Ali Akbar Khan, Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W1.
(5) 27 June, at 7.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.
B. In the PROVINCES:—
12 June, Oxford AMC, Town Hall; 13 June, Birmingham AMC, YMCA Bennett Hall; 18 June, Leeds AMC, University Great Hall; 28 June, at Leicester.

Tickets now available from AMC only, and at the door one hour before each Concert. Members 3s., 5s. 6d., 8s. & 12s. 6d.; Guests 4s., 7s., 10s. and 15s. Price reductions for Ballet Clubs, Schools, Parties, etc. Other Recitals already arranged on the Continent (Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, etc.) and in Music Festivals as in Bath, Gstaad, etc.
Information re. membership (20s. p.a., Students 7s. 6d.); fortnightly (Tuesday) Lecture-Recitals on Asian Music and Dance, at School of Orient. & Afr. Stds, Senate House, WC1, from Director AMC, 18 Fitzalan Road, N3.

ST Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Sq., Friday, 5 June, 8 p.m. London International Choir. Conductor Paul Steinitz, D.Mus. Programme includes Psalm 112, Handel, Suite for Strings, Purcell. Collection for Overseas Service Fund of IVS. 72 Oakley Sq., NW1.

THEATRES

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 6th wk. 11th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems., ticket.

THEATRES—continued

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu.-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'Ulysses in Nighttown.' Mems.

HAMPSTEAD Festival Production. The Garden Players present 'Return to Vauxhall' at 31 Frognall, NW3. 1, 2, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11, 12 June, 8.45 p.m. Admission 4s.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Sats 5 & 8.15, Mats. Thurs. 2.30. 'Orpheus Descending' by Tennessee Williams.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973, 8. Sat. 5 & 8. Brendan Behan's 'The Hostage'.

TOWER. 7.30. 28, 29, 30 May: 'The Wedding' & 'Miss Julie', 5, 6 (mems 7), 11, 12, 13 Jun.: 'The Matchmaker'.—CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), CAN. 3475 (bef. 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY Theatre, EUS. 5391. 'The Risen People', new play, Fr. St. Sn. 7.45 Mems.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Bolshoi Ballet' (U). Eastman colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 6 June: Clair's 'An Italian Straw Hat' (U). Chaplin's 'Champion Charlie' (U).

ROXY (BAY. 2345) W/c. 31 May, Paul Newman, 'Somebody up there likes me' (A). 'The Width of the Pavement' (X).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. At Home, with Dancing, Wed., 3 June, 8.30-11. Members 1s. 6d., their guests 3s. Student members free.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group, today, Sat., 30 May, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

First National
EDUCATION & CAREERS EXHIBITION
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Numerous demonstration classes, theatre and cinema performances daily. Celebrity lectures, closed-circuit television.
Open 26 May—5 June 10 a.m.-10 p.m.
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MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important new acquisitions—Bonnard, Cezanne, Gauguin, Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Van Gogh, Vlaminck, etc. New sculpture by Henry Moore. Over 90 works for sale. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

JOSEPH Levin. Exhibition of Surconsciencilism. Oils & drawings. Grabowski Gallery, 84 Sloane Ave, SW3 (Nr South Kensington Station). 30 May-20 June. 10-6 inc. Sats.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Schettini and Tirr. Till 6 June. Dly 10 a.m.-6 p.m. ex. Sun.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. English & French Landscapes of the 19th & 20th Centuries. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.)

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Adolph Gottlieb: Paintings 1944-1959. 4 June to 4 July. Weekdays 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street, W1. African, Pre-Columbian, European Sculpture; Baroque and Mannerist Paintings.

CRANE Kalman Gallery, 178 Brompton Road, SW3. Anthology I of Neglected Paintings. Until 6 June, 10-7, Sat. 10-5.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. 1-13 June, Giardelli, Obican, Varuni, Painting and Sculpture. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

BETTER Towns for Better Living: Exhibition by SPUR at RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1. Till 6 June. Mon.-Fri. 10-7; Sat. 10-5. Adm. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday. 10-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. Franciszka Themerson New paintings.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Fautrier—Paintings and Gouaches. To 6 June, 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jack Smith Retrospective. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St, W1. 1st London Exhib. of paintings by Forquin; Watercolours of France & Spain by Sine Mackinnon. Hours 10-6. Sats 10-1. Closes 5 June.

PICTURE Hire—As many paintings as you wish for an annual sub. of 1 gn. and 7s. 6d. per month per painting. AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Odilon Redon—Paintings, Pastels and Drawings. Entrance 2s. 6d. in aid of Corneal Graft and Eye Bank Research. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 20 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

OIL-Fired Central Heating Equipment. All types including conversion. Free advice from Esso experts. Until 13 June. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd, W1.

'OUT of Doors'. Furniture and furnishings for the garden. Until 13 June. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd, W1.

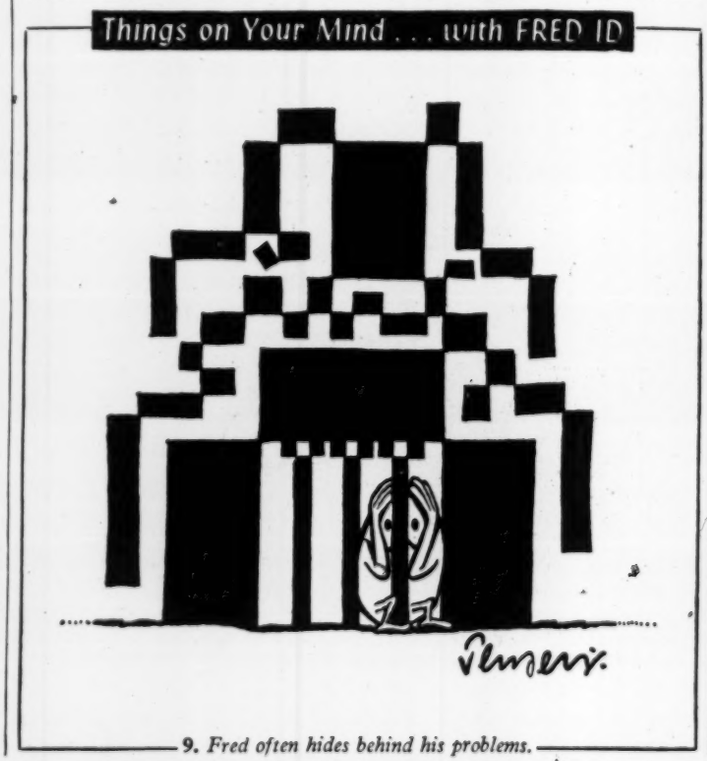
WADDINGTON Galleries, 2 Cork Street, W1, REGent 1719. Hilton, Frost, Wynter, Heron; 10-6. Sats 10-1.

'NUDES of Jean Straker'—Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

KAPLAN Gallery, 'Paintings by Barnabè'. Until 13 June. 6 Duke Street, St. James's.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

AFTER religion—what? 4 June, 8 p.m., Mid Century Club, Leighton House, W8.



9. *Fred often hides behind his problems.*

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

FAMILY PLANNING ASSOCIATION

The Rt Reverend B. T. Guy, the Lord Bishop of Bedford: 'The Purpose of the Plan'. A Moscow Gynæcologist: 'Mothers in the USSR'. Wednesday, 3 June, at 5.30 p.m. at Church House, Westminster, SW1. Admission free, by ticket only. Write 64 Sloane St, SW1.

Universities & Left Review Club
AMERICA, AMERICA!: DWIGHT MACDONALD of the 'New Yorker', The Marquee (next Academy Cinema), Oxford St, W1. Mon. 1 June, 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s.

MANCHESTER'S stimulating & exciting Left Club. 5 June, 7.45, Thatched House. John Hughes—'A Socialist Wages Plan'.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Enoch Powell, MP, 'Conservative Policy'. Wed., 3 June, 7.30. Society of Lithographic Artists, 53 Doughty St, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

A MIDLANDS Conference for Peace—Birmingham and Midland Inst. Sat. 6 June. 2.30-8 p.m. Prof. J. D. Bernal, FRS (Author 'World Without War') and Mr Ernie Roberts. All interested Midlands organisations and individuals cordially invited. Delegates/Observers 2s. 6d., Visitors 1s. Particulars from C. King, 131 Wichnor Road, Solihull, Warks. or Tel. B'ham South 3020. Sponsored by Birmingham Peace Committee and Covehtry Peace Council & Nuclear Disarmament Committee.

LEEDS. Inquirers about Humanism in the West Riding are invited to a meeting at Guildford Hotel, Leeds 1, on Thursday 4 June at 7.15 p.m.

DOUBT can arise in any Case. Should Capital Punishment be Ended? Speakers: Rev. A. D. Belden, Albert Evans, MP, Rev. William Jenter, Nigel Nicholson, MP, A. R. Tyrrell, Chairman M. B. Purdie. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Friday 12 June, 7.30 p.m. Organised National Council for Civil Liberties, 293 New Kings Rd, SW6.

HUMAN Destiny and the Will of God. Day Conference 13 June at Liddon House 5th Audley St, W1. Speakers: Canon F. R. Milford, David Paton. Details: Conference Sec., William Temple Assocn, above address.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Exhibits I and II. Victor Pasmore and Richard Hamilton discuss different versions of An Exhibit (shown at the ICA in 1957). Illustrated with colour slides and a film, Tuesday, 2 June, 6.30 p.m. Admission 3s., members 1s. 6d.

AUTHOR'S talk. J. D. Bernal, FRS, speaks on his controversial book 'World Without War' at the Caxton Hall (Kent Room), Westminster, SW1, Wednesday, 3 June 1959, 7.30 p.m. Tickets at 1s. 6d. obtainable from the sponsors: Collet's London Bookshop, 66 Charing Cross Road, WC2.

A CULTURAL Discussion at the New Jewish Society, 36 Hallam St, W1. 8.30, Wed., 3 June.

BERLIN: Can we agree? Q. & A. Meeting, 7.45 p.m. 5 June, Conway Hall, WC1. V. Nekrasov, L. Teplov, Barnett Stross, MP, Gordon Schaffer, Andrew Rothstein and Pat Sloan. Res. seats 1s. 6d. from BSFS, 36 Spencer St, EC1.

'FRIENDS of Iran Society'. Meeting on Shah's visit & Middle Esst. Prominent speakers. Holborn Hall, Friday 5 June 7 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Meeting, Wed. 3 June, 6.30 'The Way that is no Way'. R. Powell. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Inf. TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 31 May, 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'Abundance and Character': Virginia Flemming.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. Eve. 7 p.m. 31 May. Archibald Robertson, MA, 'Is Berlin Worth War?'

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk. 7696. Fri. 29 May, 8 p.m. Bishop James Virvos: 'Mount Athos'. 5 June, 8 p.m. Dr B. Malnick: 'Shchepkin, Russia's greatest actor'.

SHAW Society: Anatole De Grunwald on 'The Doctor's Dilemma' 'the Producer's Problems', at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 29 May, 7 sharp, Non-mems. 2s. 6d..

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. Sat. 6 June at 6 p.m. French Film: 'Vive Monsieur Blaireau'.

IWC London Branch. Fri. 5 June, 8.30 'Modern Poetry', Mr Howard Sergeant, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688 Free.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun. 31 May, 8 p.m. 'On Oriental Scriptures'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2 (PAD. 0688).

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